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HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS.

WRITTEN IN THE

T I M E

OF THE

L A T E W A R S.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH

ANNOTATIONS, and a compleat INDEX.

VOL. II.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS

M.DCC.LXXIV.

HUDIBRAS

IN THREE PARTS

WRITTEN BY THE

T I M E



L A F E R

SAMUEL BUTLER

WITH

EXPLANATIONS, AND SOMEWHAT MORE

VOL. II.

GLASGOW:

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## PART III.

### CANTO L

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce;  
They both approach the lady's bower,  
The squire t'inform, the knight to wooe her.  
She treats them with a masquerade,  
By furies, and hobgoblins made:  
From which the squire conveys the knight,  
And steals him, from himself, by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r  
T'enforce a desperate amour,  
As he that has two strings to's bow,  
And burns for love and money too;  
For then he's brave and resolute,  
Disdains to render in his suit,  
Has all his flames and raptures double,  
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;  
While those who fillily pursue  
The simple, downright way and true,  
Make as unlucky applications,  
And steer against the stream, their passions:

Some forge their mistresses of stars;  
 And when the ladies prove averſe,  
 And more untoward to be won,  
 Than by Caligula the moon,  
 Cry out upon the ſtars for doing  
 Ill offices, to croſs their wooing;  
 When only by themſelves they're hind'red,  
 For truſting thoſe they made her kindred;  
 And ſtill, the harſher and hide bounder  
 The damſels prove, become the ſonder.  
 For what mad lover ever dy'd  
 To gain a ſoft and gentle bride;  
 Or for a lady tender-hearted,  
 In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?  
 Leap'd headlong int'Elyſium,  
 Through th'windows of a dazzling room?  
 But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,  
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.  
 This to the knight could be no news,  
 With all mankind ſo much in uſe;  
 Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,  
 To make the moſt of his amours,  
 Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,  
 As follows in due time and place.

No ſooner was the bloody fight,  
 Between the wizard and the knight,  
 With all th'appurtenances, over,  
 But he relaps'd again t'a lover:  
 As he was always wont to do  
 When h'had diſcomfited a foe;

And us'd the only antique philtres,  
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
 But now triumphant and victorious,  
 He held th'atchievement was too glorious  
 For such a conqueror to meddle  
 With petty constable or beadle;  
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess  
 Of th'inns of court and chancery, Justice;  
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
 To th'ordeal trial of the laws;  
 Where none escape, but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed;  
 And if they cannot read one verse  
 I'th'psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.  
 He therefore judging it below him,  
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the squire for bail  
 And mainprize for him, to the jail,  
 To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall;  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the lady a rencounter,  
 T'acquaint her with his expedition,  
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician:  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate,  
 The number of the blows, and weight;  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h'had done the deed.

Which he resolv'd t'inforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear;  
 But rather than produce his back,  
 To set his conscience on the rack;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,  
 And all things else upon his part,  
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart,  
 Her goods, and chattles, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces.  
 'Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies hearts in fights;  
 And cut whole giants into fritters,  
 To put them into am'rous twitters;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their gallants were half kill'd:  
 But when their bones were drubb'd so fore,  
 They durst not wooe one combat more,  
 The ladies hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies fancies;  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse  
 That widows greatest herds of cows;  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Mean while the squire was on his way,  
 The knight's late orders to obey:  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,

T'attack the cunning man, for plunder  
 Committed falsely on his lumber;  
 When he who had so lately sack'd  
 The enemy, had done the fact,  
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs  
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd:  
 And when they should, at goal-delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough,  
 To render neither halter-proof:  
 He thought it desperate to tarry,  
 And venture to be accessory;  
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
 And leave them for the knight, his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th'unjust foul play  
 He would have offer'd him that day,  
 'To make him curry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation.  
 And therefore much about the hour  
 The knight (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury  
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury;  
 The squire concurr'd t'abandon him,  
 And serve him in the self-same trim;  
 T'acquaint the lady what h'had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on;

What project 'twas he went about,  
 When Sidrophel and he fell out :  
 His firm and stedfast resolution,  
 To swear her to an execution ;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.  
 In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 Their party saints to represent,  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,  
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
 To lay themselves out, to supplant  
 Each other cousin-german saint.

But ere the knight could do his part,  
 The squire had got so much the start,  
 H'had to the lady done his errand,  
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finish'd his report,  
 The knight alighted in the court ;  
 And having ty'd his beast t'a pale,  
 And taken time for both to stale,  
 He put his band and beard in order,  
 The sprucer, to accost and board her :  
 And now began t'approach the door,  
 When she, wh'had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th'informer out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the knight :  
 With whom encount'ring, after longees.  
 Of humble and submissive congees,  
 And all due ceremonies paid,  
 He strok'd his beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie:  
And now am come, to bring your ear  
A present you'll be glad to hear;  
At least I hope so. The thing's done,  
Or may I never see the sun;  
For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your gentle hand;  
And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ake.  
But she who well enough knew what  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he mean'd;  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
His dark expressions, less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
Which (like your votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;  
And, for those meritorious lashes,  
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once  
I freed you from th'enchanted scone;  
And that you promis'd, for that favour,  
To bind your back to'ts good behaviour,  
And, for my sake and service, vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy load,

And what 'twould bear, t'a scruple prove,  
 As other knights do oft make love.  
 Which whether you have done or no,  
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know.  
 But if you have, I shall confess,  
 You're honefter than I could guess.

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,  
 I cannot prove it but by oath :  
 And if you make a question on't,  
 I'll pawn my soul that I have don't ;  
 And he that makes his soul his surety,  
 I think does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure  
 Against distress and forfeiture ;  
 Is free from action, and exempt  
 From execution and contempt ;  
 And to be summon'd to appear  
 In th'other world's illegal here.  
 And therefore few make any account  
 Int'what incumbrances they run't.  
 For most men carry things so even  
 Between this world, and hell, and heav'n,  
 Without the least offence to either,  
 They freely deal in altogether ;  
 And equally abhor to quit  
 This world for both, or both for it ;  
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
 They are but pris'ners on paroles.

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,  
 They may b'accountable in all.

For when there is that intercourse  
Between divine and human pow'rs,  
That all that we determine here  
Commands obedience ev'ry where;  
When penalties may be commuted  
For fines, or ears, and executed;  
It follows, nothing binds so fast  
As souls in pawn, and mortgage past:  
For oaths are th'only tests and seals  
Of right and wrong, and true and false:  
And there's no other way to try  
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?  
There's no believing till I hear:  
For till they're understood, all tales  
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd to obey  
What you commanded t'other day,  
And to perform my exercise,  
(As schools are wont,) for your fair eyes:  
T'avoid all scruples in the case,  
I went to do't upon the place.  
But as the castle is enchanted  
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted  
With evil spirits, as you know,  
Who took my squire and me for two;  
Before I'd hardly time to lay  
My weapons by, and disarray,  
I heard a formidable noise,  
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,

'That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,  
 I'm ready with th'infernal whip,  
 'That shall divest thy ribs of skin,  
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin.  
 'Th'hast broke perfidiously thy oath,  
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth;  
 But spar'd thy renegado back,  
 When th'hadst so great a prize at stake;  
 Which now the fates have order'd me  
 For penance and revenge to slay,  
 Unless thou presently make haste.  
 Time is, time was: and there it ceas'd.  
 With which, though startled, I confess,  
 Yet th'horror of the thing was less  
 Than th'other dismal apprehension  
 Of interruption or prevention:  
 And therefore snatching up the rod,  
 I laid upon my back a load;  
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
 To make my word and honour good;  
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,  
 For new recruits of breath and strength,  
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,  
 As if th'had been by lovers plac'd,  
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
 And chaste contemplative hardathing:  
 When facing hastily about,  
 To stand upon my guard and scout,  
 I found th'infernal cunning man;  
 And th'under-witch, his Caliban,

With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,  
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,  
 And gave the hellish rage a stop;  
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
 Courageously on Sidrophel:  
 Who, now transform'd himself t'a bear,  
 Began to roar aloud, and tear;  
 When I as furiously press'd on,  
 My weapon down his throat to run;  
 Laid hold on him; but he broke loose,  
 And turn'd himself into a goose,  
 Div'd under water in a pond,  
 To hide himself from being found.  
 In vain I sought him; but as soon  
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
 Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,  
 His under-forcerer t'engage.  
 But bravely scorning to defile  
 My sword with feeble blood and vile;  
 I judg'd it better from a quick-  
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,  
 With which I furiously laid on;  
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone  
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:  
 I am too great a sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b'a witch,  
 But conjur'd int'a worse caprich:  
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
 Old houses in the night to haunt,

For opportunities t'improve  
 Designs of thievery or love;  
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,  
 All feats of witches counterfeit,  
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
 And make it for enchantment pass;  
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,  
 And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper;  
 Make lechers and their punks with dewtry  
 Commit fantastical advowtry;  
 Bewitch Hermetic men to run  
 Stark staring mad with manicon;  
 Believe mechanic virtuosi  
 Can raise them mountains in Potosi;  
 And, sillier than the antique fools,  
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;  
 Seek out for plants with signatures,  
 To quack of universal cures;  
 With figures ground on panes of glass,  
 Make people on their heads to pass:  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece:  
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches  
 Incline perpetually to witches;  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears:  
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,  
 Which others for cravats have worn  
 About their necks and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment  
 The wretched caitiff underwent,  
 And held my drubbing of his bones  
 Too great an honour for pultrones;  
 For knights are bound to feel no blows  
 From paltry and unequal foes,  
 Who when they slash and cut to pieces,  
 Do all with civilest addresses:  
 'Their horses never give a blow,  
 But when they make a leg and bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him  
 About the witch with many a question.  
 Quoth he, For many years he drove  
 A kind of broking-trade in love;  
 Employ'd in all th'intrigues and trust  
 Of feeble, speculative lust;  
 Procurer to th'extravagancy  
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy,  
 By those the devil had forfok,  
 As things below him, to provoke.  
 But be'ing a virtuoso, able  
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
 He held his talent most adroit  
 For any mystical exploit;  
 As others of his tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their prices three to one.  
 For one predicting pimp has th'odds  
 Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds.  
 But as an elf (the devil's valet)  
 Is not so slight a thing to get;

For those that do his bus'ness best,  
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest;  
 Before so meriting a person  
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,  
 He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer  
 I'th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
 As soon as from the body loos'd,  
 Becomes a puny imp itself,  
 And is another witch's elf.  
 He, after searching far and near,  
 At length found one in Lancashire,  
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,  
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
 Since which h'has play'd a thousand feats,  
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats:  
 Transform'd himself to th'ugly shapes  
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes;  
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
 Or Pharoah's wizard's could their switches,  
 And all with whom h'has had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.  
 Witness myself, whom h'has abus'd,  
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
 By feeding me on beans and pease,  
 He crams in nasty crevices,  
 And turns to comfits by his arts,  
 To make me relish for desserts,  
 And one by one, with shame and fear,  
 Lick up the candy'd provender.

Befide—But as h'was running on,  
To tell what other feats he had done,  
The lady stopp'd his full career,  
And told him now 'twas time to hear.

If half those things, said she, be true,—  
They're all, quoth he, I swear by you;  
Why then, said she, that Sidrophel  
Has damn'd himself to th'pit of hell;  
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
And hackney of a Lapland hag,  
In quest of you came hither post,  
Within an hour, I'm sure, at most;  
Who told me all you swear and say,  
Quite contrary another way;  
Vow'd that you came to him, to know  
If you should carry me or no;  
And would have hir'd him and his imps,  
To be your match-makers and pimps,  
T'engage the devil on your side  
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.  
But he disdain'd to embrace  
So filthy a design and base,  
You fell to vapouring and huffing,  
And drew upon him like a ruffin,  
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
Before h'had time to mount his guard;  
And left him dead upon the ground,  
With many a bruise and desp'rate wound:  
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,  
And stole his Talismanique louse,

And all his new-found old inventions;  
 With flat felonious intentions,  
 Which he could bring out, where he had,  
 And what he bought them for, and paid;  
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
 H'had gotten for his proper case,  
 And all in perfect minutes made,  
 By th'ablest artist of the trade;  
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been eaten up almost;  
 And altogether might amount  
 To many hundreds on account:  
 For which h'had got sufficient warrant  
 To seize the malefactors arrant,  
 Without capacity of bail,  
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;  
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,  
 To serve for pendulums to watches,  
 Which modern virtuosos say,  
 Incline to hanging ev'ry way.  
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
 That ere he went in quest of you,  
 He set a figure to discover  
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;  
 And found it clear, that, to betray  
 Yourself and me, you fled this way;  
 And that he was upon pursuit,  
 To take you somewhere here about.  
 He vow'd he had intelligence  
 Of all that pass'd before and since;

And found, that ere you came to him,  
Y'had been engaging life and limb,  
About a case of tender conscience,  
Where both abounded in your own sense;  
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
Had clear'd all scruples in the case;  
And prov'd that you might swear and own  
Whatever's by the wicked done.  
For which, most basely to requite  
The service of his gifts and light,  
You strove to oblige him by main force,  
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;  
But that he stood upon his guard,  
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;  
For which, between you both, the feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the lady talk'd, the knight  
Turn'd the outside of his eyes to white,  
(As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't.)  
He wonder'd how she came to know  
What he had done, and mean't to do:  
Held up his affidavit hand,  
As if h'had been to be arraign'd:  
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke,

Madam, if but one word be true  
Of all the wizzard has told you,  
Or but one single circumstance  
In all th'apocryphal romance,

May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own;  
 Or may the heav'ns fall, and cover  
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,  
 (I thank you,) for yourself and me;  
 And shewn your presbyterian wits  
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.  
 A most compendious way, and civil,  
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
 And heav'n and hell, yourselves, and those  
 On whom you vainly think t'impose.  
 Why then, quoth he, may hell surprise—  
 That trick, said she, will not pass twice:  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing  
 What you would prove, than down-right swearing:  
 For if you have perform'd the feat,  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action.  
 And if you can produce those knobs,  
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your nat'ral self had done't.  
 Provided that they pass th'opinion  
 Of able juries of old women;  
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts  
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love's a million,  
To do is less than to be willing,  
As I am, were it in my pow'r  
T'obey, what you command, and more.  
But for performing what you bid,  
I thank you as much as if I did.  
You know I ought to have a care  
To keep my wounds from taking air;  
For wounds in those that are all heart,  
Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels  
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles:  
For still the longer we contend,  
We are but farther off the end,  
But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?  
Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word,  
You pass'd in heav'n on record,  
Where all contracts, to have and t'hold,  
Are everlastingly inroll'd.  
And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,  
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n;  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heav'n in marriages;  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly, to be at ease.  
Their business there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like t'improve.

Love, that's too generous to abide  
 To be against its nature ty'd :  
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,  
 It breaks loose when 'tis confin'd :  
 And like the soul, its harbourer,  
 Debarr'd the freedom of the air,  
 Disdains against its will to stay,  
 But struggles out, and flies away :  
 And therefore never can comply  
 T'endure the matrimonial tie,  
 That binds the female and the male,  
 Where th'one is but the other's bail ;  
 Like Roman goalers, when they slept,  
 Chain'd to the pris'ners they kept ;  
 Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
 Giv'ft best security, to suffer.  
 Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
 That carries double in foul way ;  
 And therefore 'tis not to b'admir'd  
 It should so suddenly be tir'd :  
 A bargain at a venture made,  
 Between two partners in a trade ;  
 (For what's inferr'd by t'have and t'hold,  
 But something past away, and sold ?)  
 That as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low :  
 And at the best is but a mart  
 Between the one and th'other part,  
 That on the marriage-day is paid,  
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;

And all the rest of better or worse,  
 Both are but losers out of purse.  
 For when upon ungot heirs  
 Th'entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and seven ?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 Their childrens tenants ere they're born ?  
 Beg one another idiot  
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;  
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th'one,  
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
 Though got b'implicit generation,  
 And gen'ral club of all the nation :  
 For which she's fortify'd no less  
 Than all the island with four seas :  
 Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,  
 In ready insolence and pow'r :  
 And makes him pass away, to have  
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
 More wretched than an ancient villain,  
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;  
 While all he does upon the by,  
 She is not bound to justify.  
 Nor at her proper cost and charge  
 Maintain the feats he does at large.  
 Such hideous sots were those obedient  
 Old vassals to their ladies regent ;  
 To give the cheats the eldest hand  
 In foul play, by the laws o'th'land ;

For which so many a legal cuckold  
 Has been run down in courts, and truckl'd.  
 A law that most unjustly yokes  
 All Johns of Stiles, to Joans of Nokes,  
 Without distinction of degree,  
 Condition, age, or quality;  
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,  
 Nor valuable consideration,  
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
 Of judgment past, for better or worse;  
 Will not allow the privileges  
 That beggars challenge under hedges,  
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses  
 Their spiritual judges of divorces;  
 While nothing else but *rem in re*  
 Can set the proudest wretches free;  
 A slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of their own procuring:  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him, of himself, t'apply;  
 So men are by themselves employ'd  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their necks into a noose,  
 They'd break 'em after, to break loose.  
 As some whom death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art,  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed  
 In flaming curtains to the dead;  
 And men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the sport.

Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use,  
 To gain th'advantage of the set,  
 And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
 And has a smack of ev'ry one;  
 So love does, and has ever done.  
 And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 That after burns with cold as much  
 As ir'n in Greenland does the touch;  
 Melts in the furnace of desire,  
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover.  
 For when he's with love-powder laden,  
 And prim'd and cock'd by miss, or madam,  
 The smallest sparkle of an eye  
 Gives fire to his artillery;  
 And off the loud oaths go, but while  
 They're in the very act, recoil.  
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance:  
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
 Trust none again, till th'have made over.  
 Or if they do, before they marry,  
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry;

And ere they venture on a stream,  
 Know how to size themselves and them.  
 Whence witti'st ladies always chuse  
 To undertake the heaviest goose.  
 For now the world is grown so wary,  
 That few of either sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust on tick t'amours,  
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse :  
 A mode that is held honourable  
 As well as French, and fashionable.  
 For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body to unite,  
 To make up one hermaphrodite :  
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,  
 Th'have more punctilios and caprices  
 Between the petticoat and breeches,  
 More petulant extravagancies,  
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;  
 Tho' when their heroes' 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames :  
 For then their late attracts decline,  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;  
 And all their caterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous picques :  
 Which th'ancients wisely signify'd,  
 By th'yellow mantau's of the bride :  
 For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and crincum of the mind,

The natural effects of love.  
 As other flames and aches prove :  
 But all the mischief is, the doubt  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chineses go to bed,  
 And lie in, in their ladies stead,  
 And for the pains they took before,  
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ;  
 Our green-men do it worse, when th'hap  
 To fall in labour of a clap ;  
 Both lay the child to one another :  
 But who's the father, who the mother,  
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,  
 Or who imported the French goods.  
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
 Which both before engag'd to own,  
 And are not with their bodies bound  
 To worship only when they're sound,  
 Both give and take their equal shares  
 Of all they suffer by false wares :  
 A fate no lover can divert  
 With all his caution, wit, and art.  
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At women by appearances ;  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions ;  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 As artificial as their faces ;  
 Wear, under vizor-masks, their talents  
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;

Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 'Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
 When all the flaws they strove to hide  
 Are made unready, with the bride,  
 That with her wedding-cloaths undresses  
 Her complaisance and gentileesses :  
 Tries all her arts, to take upon her  
 The government from th'easy owner :  
 Until the wretch is glad to wave  
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;  
 Find all his having and his holding,  
 Reduc'd t'eternal noise and scolding ;  
 The conjugal petard, that tears  
 Down all portcullices of ears,  
 And makes the volley of one tongue  
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;  
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
 The female silk-worms ride the males,  
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,  
 Like Sirens with their charming notes ;  
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
 Or those enchanting murmurs made  
 By th'husband mandrake and the wife,  
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
 Of wanton, over-heated brains,  
 Which ralliers, in their wit or drink,  
 Do rather wheedle with, than think.  
 Man was not man in Paradise,  
 Until he was created twice.

And had his better half, his bride,  
 Carv'd from th'original, his side,  
 T'amend his natural defects,  
 And perfect his recruited sex;  
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen  
 The pains and labour of increasing,  
 By changing them for other cares,  
 As by his dry'd-up paps appears.  
 His body, that stupendous frame,  
 Of all the world the anagram,  
 Is of two equal parts compact,  
 In shape and symmetry exact,  
 Of which the left and female side  
 Is to the manly right a bride,  
 Both join'd together with such art,  
 That nothing else but death can part.  
 Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
 And face, that all the world surprize,  
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other ladies tawny;  
 Those ravishing and charming graces,  
 All are made up of two half-faces,  
 That in a mathematic line,  
 Like those in other heavens, join.  
 Of which, if either grew alone,  
 'Twould fright as much to look upon.  
 And so would that sweet bud your lip,  
 Without the other's fellowship.  
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;

Th'intelligencers of the mind.  
 To wait upon the soul design'd;  
 But those that serve the body alone,  
 Are single, and confin'd to one.  
 The world is but two parts, that meet,  
 And close at th'equinoctial fit;  
 And so are all the works of nature  
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter:  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How 'ntirely marriage is her care,  
 The only method that she uses,  
 In all the wonders she produces.  
 And those that take their rules from her,  
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.  
 For what secures the civil life  
 But pawns of children, and a wife?  
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,  
 To pay for all men undertake;  
 To whom it is as necessary,  
 As to be born and breathe, to marry.  
 So universal, all mankind  
 In nothing else is of one mind,  
 For in what stupid age, or nation,  
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
 Unless among the Amazons,  
 Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns;  
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
 And loose excesses of the sex,

Prepost'rously wou'd have all women  
 Turn'd up to all the world in common,  
 Though men would find such mortal feuds  
 In sharing of their public goods,  
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives;  
 Until they graze, and wear their cloaths,  
 As beasts do, of their native growths:  
 For simple wearing of their horns,  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend t'inherit,  
 Unless the marriage deed will bear it?  
 Could claim no right to lands or rents,  
 But for our parents settlements;  
 Had been but younger sons o'th'earth,  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
 What honours, or estates of peers  
 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs;  
 And what security maintains  
 Their right and title, but the banes?  
 What crowns could be hereditary,  
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
 And with their consorts consummate  
 Their weightiest interests of state?  
 For all th'amours of princes are  
 But guarantees of peace or war.  
 Or what but marriage has a charm,  
 The rage of empires to disarm?  
 Make blood and desolation cease,  
 And fire and sword unite in peace,

When all their fierce contests for forage  
 Conclude in articles of marriage?  
 Nor does the genial bed provide  
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;  
 Who else had not the least pretence  
 T'as much as due benevolence;  
 Could no more title take upon her  
 To virtue, quality, and honour,  
 Than ladies errant, unconfin'd,  
 And femme-coverts to all mankind.  
 All women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;  
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,  
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,  
 But for the difference marriage makes  
 'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:  
 Besides, the joys of place and birth,  
 The sex's paradise on earth;  
 A privilege so sacred held,  
 That none will to their mothers yield;  
 But rather than not go before,  
 Abandon heaven at the door.  
 And if th' indulgent law allows  
 A greater freedom to the spouse;  
 The reason is, because the wife  
 Runs greater hazards of her life;  
 Is trusted with the form and matter  
 Of all mankind, by careful nature.  
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
 She frames the wondrous fabric of:

Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
 Demand the clergy of her belly,  
 And make it save her the same way,  
 It seldom misses to betray:  
 Unless both parties wisely enter  
 Into the liturgy indenture.  
 And though some fits of small contest  
 Sometimes fall out among the best;  
 That is no more than every lover  
 Does from his hackney lady suffer;  
 That makes no breach of faith and love,  
 But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve.  
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace  
 Is but between two legs a race,  
 In which both do their uttermost  
 To get before, and win the post;  
 Yet when they're at their race's ends,  
 They're still as kind and constant friends,  
 And to relieve their weariness,  
 By turns give one another ease:  
 So all those false alarms of strife  
 Between the husband and the wife,  
 And little quarrels, often prove  
 To be but new recruits of love:  
 When those wh'are always kind or coy,  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are their loudest clamours more,  
 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour:  
 Like music, that proves bad or good,  
 According as 'tis understood.

In all amours a lover burns,  
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns:  
 And hearts have been as oft with fullen,  
 As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen.  
 Then why should more bewitching clamour  
 Some lovers not as much enamour?  
 For discords make the sweetest airs,  
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;  
 Too slight alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.  
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
 Th'interests of love perpetual;  
 An act and deed, that makes one heart  
 Become another's counter-part,  
 And passes fines on faith and love,  
 Inroll'd and register'd above,  
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
 Which nothing else but death can loose.  
 And what security's too strong,  
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,  
 That to its friend is glad to pass  
 Itself away, and all it has;  
 And, like an anchorite, gives over  
 This world, for th'heaven of a lover?

I grant, quoth she, there are some few  
 Who take that course, and find it true:  
 But millions whom the same does sentence  
 To heav'n, b'another way, repentance.  
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers;

And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon more blind events,  
 Than gamesters, when they play a set  
 With greatest cunning at piquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they're fast  
 In one another's arms embrac'd,  
 But strive to plunder and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?  
 To change the property of selves,  
 As sucking children are by elves?  
 And if they use their persons so,  
 What will they to their fortunes do?  
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And, *all my worldly goods*—but spoke;  
 (The formal livery and seisin  
 That puts a lover in possession,)  
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
 The bride a sham, that's superseded.  
 To that their faith is still made good,  
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd.  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 W'have nothing left we can call ours;  
 Our money's now become the miss,  
 Of all your lives and services;  
 And we forsaken, and postpon'd,  
 But bawds to what before we own'd;

Which as it made y'at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors,  
 (As we had been) for new amours.  
 For what did ever heiress yet,  
 By being born to lordships, get?  
 When the more lady she's of manors,  
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,  
 Pays for their projects and designs,  
 And for her own destruction fines;  
 And does but tempt them with her riches,  
 To use her as the devil does witches;  
 Who takes it for a special grace,  
 To be their cully for a space,  
 That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels  
 For ever may become his vassals:  
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
 Betrays herself, and all sh'inherits;  
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
 By pimps, and watch-makers, and bawds;  
 Until they force her to convey,  
 And steal the thief himself away.  
 These are the everlasting fruits  
 Of all your passionate love-suits,  
 Th'effects of all your am'rous fancies,  
 To portions and inheritances;  
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition  
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;  
 To which you make address and courtship,  
 And with your bodies strive to worship,

That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
Of love too for the mother's sake.  
For these you play at purposes,  
And love your loves with A's and B's;  
For these at *Besse* and *L'Ombré* woo,  
And play for love and money too;  
Strive who shall be the ablest man  
At right gallanting of a fan;  
And who the most genteelly bred  
At sucking of a vizor-beard;  
How best t'accolt us in all quarters,  
T'our question-and-command new garters;  
And solidly discourse upon  
All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*.  
For there's no mystery nor trade,  
But in the art of love is made.  
And when you have more debts to pay,  
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,  
And no way possible to do't  
But love, and oaths, and restless suit,  
To us y'apply, to pay the scores  
Of all your cully'd, past amours:  
Act o'er your flames and darts again,  
And charge us with your wounds and pain;  
Which others influences long since  
Have charm'd your noses with, and thins;  
For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
And like to be, without our aid.  
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!  
How debts and mortgages enchant!

What graces must that lady have,  
 That can from execution save !  
 What charms, that can reverse extent,  
 And null decree and exigent !  
 What magical attracts and graces,  
 That can redeem from *scire facias* !  
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of courts enlarge !  
 These are the highest excellencies  
 Of all your true or false pretences.  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear,  
 As much t'an hostess-dowager,  
 Grown fat and purfy by retail  
 Of pots of beer, and bottled ale ;  
 And find her fitter for your turn,  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn ;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire,  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her graces int'your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When th'heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste with such a powder,  
 The blows grew louder still and louder.  
 Which Hudibras, as if th'had been  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright,  
 To be the wizard, come to search,  
 And taking him napping in the lurch.

Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout ;  
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.  
 For men will tremble, and turn paler,  
 With too much, or too little valour.  
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage through his side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
 But in a fury to fly at 'em ;  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out.  
 But she who saw in what a taking  
 The knight was by his furious quaking,  
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right  
 Of hospitality t'a stranger,  
 But to secure you out of danger,  
 Will here myself stand centinel,  
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.  
 Women, you know, do seldom fail,  
 To make the stoutest men turn tail ;  
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.  
 At this the knight grew resolute  
 As Ironside, or Hardiknute ;  
 His fortitude began to rally,  
 And out he cry'd aloud, to fally.  
 But she besought him to convey  
 His courage rather out o'th'way,  
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
 Or fortify'd behind a door ;

That if the enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th'adventure.

Mean while they knock'd against the door,  
As fierce as at the gate before;  
Which made the renegade knight  
Relapse again t'his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay  
Till th'enemy had forc'd his way,  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The lady for a fresh reserve.  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh'had order'd execute:  
Which he resolv'd in hast t'obey,  
And therefore stoutly march'd away;  
And all h'encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the dark and all alone;  
Till fear, that braver feats performs,  
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard, and face:  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, barricado'd;  
Insconce'd himself as formidable  
As could be underneath a table;  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T'expect th'arrival of his foes.  
Few minutes he had lain perdue,  
To guard his desp'rate avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the rout;

With which impatiently alarm'd,  
 He fancy'd th'enemy had storm'd:  
 And after ent'ring, Sidrophel  
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.  
 He therefore sent out all his senses,  
 To bring him in intelligencies;  
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,  
 Mistake, for falling in a trance;  
 But those that trade in geomancy,  
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy:  
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
 And things incredible reveal.  
 Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,  
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress,  
 And as another of the same  
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
 That in the same cause had engag'd,  
 And war with equal conduct wag'd,  
 By vent'ring only but to thrust  
 His head a span beyond his post,  
 B'a gen'ral of the cavaliers  
 Was dragg'd through a window by th'ears;  
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,  
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
 As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,  
 By giving or by taking quarter:  
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
 Until his scouts came t'his aid.

For when a man is past his sense,  
 There's no way to reduce him thence,  
 But twinging him by th'ears and nose,  
 Or laying on of heavy blows;  
 And if that will not do the deed,  
 To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.  
 No sooner was he come t'himself,  
 But on his neck a sturdy elf  
 Clapt in a trice his cloven hoof,  
 And thus attack'd him with reproof.

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
 B'our friend, thy evil genius,  
 Who for thy horrid perjuries,  
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
 The brethrens priviledge (against  
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,  
 Has here thy wretched carcase sent,  
 For just revenge and punishment;  
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
 But by an open free confession;  
 For if we catch thee failing once,  
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray  
 And filch the lady's heart away?  
 To spirit her to matrimony?—  
 That which contracts all matches, money.  
 It was th'inchantment of her riches,  
 That made m'apply t'your croney witches;  
 That in return wou'd pay th'expence,  
 The wear-and-tear of conscience:

Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd  
For th'hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.  
No more, quoth he, than I love you.  
How would'st th'have us'd her and her money?—  
First turn'd her up to alimony;  
And laid her dowry out in law,  
To null her jointure with a flaw,  
Which I beforehand had agreed  
T'have put, on purpose, in the deed;  
And bar her widow's making over  
T'a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out  
T'employ their forceries about?—  
That which makes gamesters play with those  
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us!

I see you take me for an ass:  
'Tis true I thought the trick would pass  
Upon a woman well enough,  
As't has been often found by proof;  
Whose humours are not to be won  
But when they are impos'd upon.  
For love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies,  
Of bears and witches in disguise?

That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe;

A trick of following their leaders,  
 To entertain their gentle readers.  
 And we have now no other way  
 Of passing all we do or say;  
 Which, when 'tis natural and true,  
 Will be believ'd b'a very few.  
 Beside the danger of offence,  
 The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin,  
 Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
 The only saints-bell that rings all in;  
 In which all churches are concern'd,  
 And is the easiest to be learn'd :  
 For no degrees, unless they employ't,  
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.  
 A gift that is not only able  
 To domineer among the rabble,  
 But by the laws impow'r'd to rout,  
 And awe the greatest that stand out;  
 Which few hold forth against, for fear  
 Their hands should slip, and come too near;  
 For no sin else among the saints  
 Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—  
 That which makes others break a house,  
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks,  
 Than all our doting politics,

That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
Compar'd with your new reformation:  
That we must come to school to you,  
To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,  
If y'were but at a meeting-house.

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,  
Because w'have let 'em out by th'year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine  
What wondrous things they will engage in:  
That as your fellow-fiends in hell  
Were angels all before they fell;  
So are you like to be agen  
Compar'd with the angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
Thy scholar in this mystery;  
And therefore first desire to know  
Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
And one of us?——A livelihood.  
What renders beating out of brains,  
And murder, godliness?——Great gains.

What's tender conscience?——'Tis a botch  
That will not bear the gentlest touch:  
But breaking out, dispatches more  
Than th'epidemical'st plague sore.

What makes y'incroach upon our trade,  
And damn all others?——To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing  
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings  
A good old cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—  
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,  
Prove false again?—Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—  
B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?—  
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve if those were gone,  
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,  
The most notorious of the time;  
Morality, which both the saints  
And wicked too cry out against?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin:

And therefore no true saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:

For saints can need no conscience,  
That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
In nature only, and not imputed;

But why the wicked should do so,  
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,  
I'th' natural and genuine sense ?

'Tis to restore, with more security,  
Rebellion to its ancient purity ?

And Christian liberty reduce  
To th' elder practice of the Jews.

For a large conscience is all one,  
And signifies the same with none.

It is enough, quoth he, for once,  
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones;  
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
(Though he gives name to our old Nick)  
But was below the least of these,  
That pass'd i'th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light  
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight;  
And left him in the dark alone,  
With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains,  
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed, and take her rest;  
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
Deny'd his bones their soft repose,  
Lay still expecting worse and more,  
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor :  
And though he shut his eyes as fast,  
As if h' had been to sleep his last,

Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards  
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,  
 And pricking up his ears, to hark  
 If he could hear too in the dark;  
 Was first invaded with a groan,  
 And after, in a feeble tone,  
 These trembling words, *Unhappy wretch,*  
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch;  
 Or all thy tricks in this new trade,  
 Thy holy brotherhood, o'th'blade?  
 By saunt'ring still on some adventure,  
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur,  
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs  
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?  
 For still th'hast had the worst on't yet,  
 As well in conquest as defeat:  
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
 To rest the body and the mind,  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The knight, who heard the words explain'd;  
 As meant to him this reprimand,  
 Because the character did hit  
 Point-blank upon his case so fit;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright  
 That staid upon the guard that night,  
 And one of those h'had seen and felt  
 The drubs he had so freely dealt.  
 When, after a short pause and groan,  
 The doleful spirit thus went on,

This 'tis t'engage with dogs and bears  
Pell-mell together by the ears,  
And after painful bangs and knocks,  
'To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
And from the pinnacle of glory  
Fall headlong into purgatory :

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
That on my late disasters rallies.)  
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
By being more heroic minded;  
And at a riding handled worse,  
With treats more slovenly and coarse :  
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,  
And hot disputes with conjurers;  
And when th'hast bravely won the day,  
Was fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
Would fain steal me too from myself,  
That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffer'd for and done,)  
And now but vent'ring to betray,  
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know  
What 'twas that I design'd to do?  
His office of intelligence,  
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;  
And he knows nothing of the saints,  
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.  
This is some pettifogging fiend,  
Some under-door-keeper's friend's friend,

That undertakes to understand,  
 And juggles at the second hand;  
 And now would pass for spirit Po,  
 And all mens dark concerns foreknow.  
 I think I need not fear him for't;  
 These rallying devils do no hurt.  
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,  
 And hastily cry'd out, What art?  
 A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace  
 Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the knight,  
 Thus far I'm sure th'art in the right;  
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.  
 Thou art some paultry, black-guard spright,  
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;  
 Thou hast no work to do in th'house,  
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes:  
 Without the raising of which sum,  
 You dare not be so troublesome,  
 To pinch the flatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their work to do.

This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,  
 And your diversion, dull dry bobbing,  
 T'entice fanatics in the dirt,  
 And wash them clean in ditches for't.  
 Of which conceit you are so proud,  
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,  
 As now you would have done by me,  
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, quoth the voice, y'are no such sopher,  
As you would have the world judge of ye.  
If you design to weigh our talents,  
I'th' standard of your own false balance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us ghosts, as well as we do you:  
We who have been the everlasting  
Companions of your drubs and basting,  
And never left you in contest,  
With male or female, man or beast,  
But prov'd as true t'ye, and entire,  
In all adventures, as your squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true  
By th'idleest pug of all your crew.  
For none could have betray'd us worse  
Than those allies of ours and yours.  
But I have sent him for a token  
To your low-country hogen-mogen,  
To whose infernal shores I hope  
He'll swing like skippers in a rope,  
And if y'have been more just to me  
(As I am apt to think) than he,  
I am afraid it is as true,  
What th'ill-affected say of you,  
Y'have spous'd the covenant and cause,  
By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the voice, 'tis true, I grant,  
We made and took the covenant;  
But that no more concerns the cause,  
Than other perj'ries do the laws,

Which when they're prov'd in open court,  
Wear wooden peccadillos for't.

And that's the reason cov'nanters  
Hold up their hands; like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence  
These scandals of the saints commence,  
That are but natural effects  
Of Satan's malice, and his sects,  
Those spider-saints that hang by threads  
Spun out o'th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true  
And properly be said of you;  
Whose talents may compare with either  
Or both the other put together.  
For all the Independents do,  
Is only what you forc'd 'em to,  
You, who are not content alone  
With tricks to put the devil down,  
But must have armies rais'd to back  
The gospel-work you undertake;  
As if artillery, and edge tools,  
Were th'only engines to save souls;  
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r  
By force to run down and devour;  
Has ne'er a chaffis, cannot sentence  
To stools, or poundage of repentance;  
Is ty'd up only to design,  
T'entice, and tempt, and undermine:  
In which you all his arts outdo,  
And prove yourselves his betters too.

Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
 Than mere temptations of the devil,  
 Which all the horrid'st actions done,  
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon;  
 Because, unless they help the elf,  
 He can do little of himself;  
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,  
 Acts most against his interest;  
 Surprises none but those wh' have priests  
 To turn him out, and exorcists,  
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
 And magazines of ammunition,  
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
 The tools of working out salvation  
 By mere mechanic operation;  
 With holy water, like a sluice,  
 To overflow all avenues.  
 But those wh'are utterly unarm'd  
 T'oppose his entrance if he storm'd,  
 He never offers to surprise,  
 Although his falsest enemies;  
 But is content to be their drudge,  
 And on their errands glad to trudge:  
 For where are all your forfeitures  
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?  
 Who are but jailors of the holes  
 And dungeons, where you clap up souls:  
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys  
 T'your mittimus anathemas;

And never boggle to restore  
 The members you deliver o'er  
 Upon demand, with fairer justice  
 Than all your covenanting trustees;  
 Unless to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs,  
 And pass their souls, as some demise  
 The same estate in mortgage twice:  
 When to a legal utlegation  
 You turn your excommunication,  
 And for a groat unpaid that's due,  
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil  
 State prudence, to cajole the devil;  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When h'has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours:  
 That as you trust us, in our way,  
 To raise your members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own,  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,  
 Or frighted with our oratory,  
 To leap down headlong many a story;  
 Have us'd all means to propagate  
 Your mighty interests of state,  
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further  
 Your great designs of rage and murder,  
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,  
 We've only made that title good;

And if it were but in our pow'r,  
We should not scruple to do more,  
And not be half a soul behind  
Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn  
To be ungrateful, in return  
Of all those kind good offices,  
I'll free you out of this distress,  
And set you down in safety, where  
It is no time to tell you here.  
The cock crows, and the morn grows on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:  
And if I leave you here till day,  
You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit gropp'd about,  
To find th'enchanted hero out,  
And try'd with haste to lift him up;  
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,  
Unserviceable with kicks and blows  
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
He thought to drag him by the heels,  
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;  
But fear, that soonest cures those sores,  
In danger of relapse to worse,  
Came in t'assist him with its aid,  
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
But both made ready to dislodge:  
The spirit hors'd him like a sack,  
Upon the vehicle, his back;

And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
 With some few rubs against the wall.  
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,  
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
 And in a moment gain'd the pass;  
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's  
 Four-quarters out by th' head and shoulders;  
 And cautiously began to scout,  
 To find their fellow-cattle out.  
 Nor was it half a minutes quest,  
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,  
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
 Nor pistoles at the saddle-bow,  
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 And let the night too steal away;  
 But in a trice advanc'd the knight  
 Upon the bare-ridge bolt upright;  
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
 He found the saddle too was stray'd,  
 And in the place a lump of soap,  
 On which he speedily leap'd up;  
 And turning to the gate the rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.  
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
 On both sides laid about as fast,  
 And spurr'd as jockies use, to break,  
 Or padders to secure a neck.

Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
And to their churches turn our rhyme;  
To hold forth their declining state,  
Which now come near an even rate.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests,  
About their carnal interests;  
To share their sacrilegious preys,  
According to their rates of graec;  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm:  
Till, in the effigie of Rumps, the rabble  
Burns all their grandees of the cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
Is but a mungrel prince of bees,  
That falls, before a storm, on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house;  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermin did at first proceed.  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,  
The maggots of corrupted texts,  
That first run all religion down,  
And after ev'ry swarm its own.  
For as the Persian Magi once  
Upon their mothers got their sons,

Who were incapable t' enjoy  
 That empire any other way :  
 So Presbeyter begot the other  
 Upon the good old cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same.  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor interest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each others beard.  
 For when they thriv'd, they never sagg'd,  
 But only by the ears engag'd :  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none.  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly appears.  
 Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;  
 The cause and covenant to lessen,  
 And providence to b'out of season :  
 For now there was no more to purchase  
 O'th' kings revenue, and the church's ;  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the brethren on,  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the cause,  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws,  
 That what by breaking them th'had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd ;  
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie,  
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.

For Presbeyter and Independent  
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions,  
 On carnal orders and injunctions;  
 And all their precious gifts and graces  
 On outlawries and *fine facies*;  
 At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyse.  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,  
 They came to share their dividends,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest saint, and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,  
 To pay their money; and, instead  
 Of every brother, pass the dead;  
 He strait converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds, and holy thifts;  
 And settled all the other shares  
 Upon his outward man, and's heirs:  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of providence;  
 Impreach'd the rest for reprobates,  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attaints  
 Degraded from the sight of saints.

This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun  
 With law and conscience to fall on;  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th'utter barrister of Swanswick:  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old;  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all un sanctify'd trustees:  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I'th'cause, receiv'd the overthrow;  
 Or both sides having had the worst,  
 They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of church and state,  
 Reform'd t'a reformado saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,  
 And make those uses serve agen  
 Against the new-enlighten'd men;  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic;  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i'th'nation.  
 The good old cause, which some believe  
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve

With knowledge, and does still invite  
 The world to mischief with new light,  
 Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;  
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door.

The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of reformation,  
 A mungrel kind of church-dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once:  
 And in the saddle of one steed  
 The Saracen and Christian rid;  
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,  
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)  
 No sooner got the start to lurch  
 Both disciplines, of war and church,  
 And providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of 'em down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o'th'saints,  
 And in a while prevail'd so far,  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more  
 T'attack themselves as th'had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,  
 T'unite their factions with alarms,  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves at home,  
 Wh'had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

Subdu'd the nation, church and state,  
 And all things but their laws and hate.  
 But when they came to treat and transact,  
 And share the spoil of all th'had ransack'd,  
 To botch up what th'had torn and rent,  
 Religion and the government,  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd,  
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;  
 Agreed in nothing, but t'abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.  
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,  
 As Dutch boors are t'a Sooterkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best,  
 To damn the public interest;  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts;  
 T'out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,  
 At all their dialects of jabberers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats, that play one game,  
 Are both defeated of their aim;  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
 The public bus'ness is undone,  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the royalists perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,

And own'd the right they had paid down  
 So dearly for, the church and crown,)  
 'Th' united constanter, and sided,  
 The more, the more their foes divided.  
 For though outnumber'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down;  
 Their duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
 For loyalty is still the same,  
 Whether it win or lose the game;  
 'True as the dial to the sun,  
 Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the devil,  
 Began once more to shew them play,  
 And hopes, at least, to have a day;  
 They rally'd in parades of woods,  
 And unfrequented solitudes;  
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
 T'appoint new-rising rendezvouses,  
 And with a pertinacy unmatch'd,  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started,  
 And, as if nature too, in haste  
 To furnish out supplies as fast,  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 T'a new and numerous production;  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,

That, like the Christian faith, increas'd  
 The more, the more they were suppress'd:  
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments,  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
 Nor death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
 From staking life and fortune down  
 'Gainst all together, for the crown;  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws:  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation;  
 Until, in spight of force and treason,  
 They put their loy'lty in possession;  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,  
 Did Oliver give up his reign;  
 And was believ'd, as well by saints,  
 As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry;  
 Until he was retriev'd by Steiry,  
 Who in a false erroneous dream  
 Mistook the new Jerusalem  
 Profanely for th'apocryphal  
 False heaven at the end o'th'hall,

Whither it was decreed by fate  
 His precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B'as orthodox a senator;  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation.

Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;  
 Who first laid by the parliament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant;  
 And then sunk underneath the state,  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,  
 For which th'had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
 To see an empire all of kings,  
 Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe,  
 Of justice, government, and law,  
 And free t'ereft what spiritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins  
 Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;  
 Who for a weather-cock hung up,  
 Upon their mother church's top,  
 Was made a type, by providence,  
 Of all their revelations since;  
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures:  
 For when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle;

But found their light and gifts more wide  
From fadging, than th'unsanctify'd;  
While ev'ry individual brother  
Strove hand to fist against another,  
And still the maddest, and most crack'd,  
Were found the busiest to transact;  
For though most hands dispatch apace,  
And make light work (the proverb says;)   
Yet many diff'rent intellects  
Are found t'have contrary effects;  
And many heads t'obstruct intrigues,  
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless king Jesus; others tamper'd  
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;  
Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,  
For agitators, and the safety;  
Some for the gospel, and massacres  
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,  
That swore to any human regence,  
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;  
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,  
That vouch'd the bulls o'th'covenant:  
Others for pulling down th'high places  
Of synods and provincial classes,  
That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:  
Some for fulfilling prophecies,  
And th'extirpation of th'excise;

And some against th'Egyptian bondage  
 Of holy-days, and paying poundage;  
 Some for the cutting down of groves,  
 And rectifying bakers loaves;  
 And some for finding out expedients  
 Against the slav'ry of obedience.  
 Some were for gospel-ministers,  
 And some for red-coat seculars,  
 As men most fit t'hold forth the word,  
 And wield the one and th'other sword.  
 Some were for carrying on the work  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk;  
 Some for engaging to suppress  
 The camisado of surplices,  
 That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th'outward man the inward;  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of Popery, than gospel-light.  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
 With which th'unfancify'd bridegroom  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb;  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)  
 The bride to nothing but her will,  
 That nulls the after marriage still.  
 Some were for th'utter extirpation  
 Of linsley-woolsey in the nation;  
 And some against all idolizing  
 The cross in shop-books, or baptizing;

Others, to make all things recant  
The christian or surname of saint;  
And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
The holy title to renounce.  
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
And bringing down the price of coals:  
Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
And eating nothing with the blood in;  
To abrogate them root and branches;  
While others were for eating haunches  
Of warriors, and now and then  
The flesh of kings and mighty men;  
And some for breaking of their bones  
With rods of ir'n by secret ones:  
For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
For hallowing carriers packs and bells;  
Things that the legend never heard of,  
But made the wicked fore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sat  
At th'unregarded helm of state,  
And understood this wild confusion  
Of fatal madness and delusion,  
Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
Portend destruction to be nigh)  
Consider'd timely how t'withdraw,  
And save their windpipes from the law;  
For one rencounter at the bar  
Was worse than all th'had scap'd in war;  
And therefore met in consultation  
To cant and quack upon the nation;

Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give, but what to take;  
 To feel the pulses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries;  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 And from the grave recover—gain.

'Mong these there was a politician,  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the whores of Babylon;  
 So politic, as if one eye  
 Upon the other were a spy,  
 That to trepan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink;  
 And in his dark pragmatic way  
 As busy as a child at play.  
 H'had seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;  
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
 But barb'rous when they came to fall;  
 For by trepanning th'old to ruin,  
 He made his int'rest with the new one;  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 Transform'd t'a feeble state camelion,  
 By giving aim to either side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of ev'ry state,  
 And at a change ne'er came too late;

Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
 As many ways as in a lath;  
 By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
 Int'highest trust, and out, for new.  
 For when h'had happily incurr'd,  
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,  
 And pass'd upon a government,  
 He play'd his trick, and out he went:  
 But being out, and out of hopes  
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes;  
 Would strive to raise himself upon  
 The public ruin, and his own.  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate seats he took in land.  
 For when h'had got himself a name  
 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game;  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose;  
 And when he chanc'd t'escape, mistook  
 For art and subtilty, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit,  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under ground:  
 As th'earth is easiest undermin'd,  
 By vermin impotent and blind.  
 By all these arts, and many more,  
 H'had practis'd long and much before;  
 Our state-artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw.

For as old sinners have all points  
 O'th' compass in their bones and joints;  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons;  
 So guilty sinners in a state  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a show'r of rain.  
 He therefore wisely cast about  
 All ways he could, t'insure his throat;  
 And hither came t'observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took;  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this faint, there was another,  
 As busy and perverse a brother,  
 An haberdasher of small wares,  
 In politics and state affairs;  
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,  
 And better gifted to rebel:  
 For when h'had taught his scribe to'spouse  
 The cause, aloft, upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
 But try'd another, and went further;  
 So sullenly addicted still  
 To's only principle, his will,  
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
 Nor force of argument could move;

Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born,  
 Could render half a grain less stubborn.  
 For he at any time would hang  
 For th'opportunity t'harangue;  
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle:  
 In which his parts were so accomplish'd,  
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluss'd;  
 But still his tongue ran on, the less  
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease;  
 And, with its everlasting clack,  
 Set all mens ears upon the rack.  
 No sooner could a hint appear,  
 But up he started to picquer,  
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
 When he engag'd in controversy.  
 Not by the force of carnal reason,  
 But indefatigable teasing;  
 With volleys of eternal babble,  
 And clamour more unanswerable.  
 For though his topics, frail and weak,  
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
 Against the desp'ratest assaults;  
 And back'd their feeble want of sense,  
 With greater heat and confidence.  
 As bones of Hector's, when they differ,  
 The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.  
 Yet when his profit moderated,  
 The fury of his heat abated:

For nothing but his interest  
 Could lay his devil of contest :  
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 T'espouse the cause for bett'r or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul, and body, worshipp'd it :  
 But when he found the fullen traps,  
 Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps ;  
 The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jaddish tricks ;  
 Tho'squeamish in her outward woman,  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common ;  
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
 T'adhere and cleave the obstinater :  
 And still the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd to sit the closer.  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th'allay ;  
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
 These two, with others, being met,  
 And close in consultation set ;  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state,  
 Than with his own impatience,  
 To give himself first audience,  
 After he had a while look'd wise,  
 At last broke silence and the ice.

Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt  
 Our last out-goings brought about,  
 More than to see the characters  
 Of real jealousies and fears  
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead :  
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather,  
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
 And revolutions in their corns ;  
 And since our workings-out are cross'd,  
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.  
 Was it to run away, we meant,  
 When taking of the covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the brothers  
 Took oaths, to run before all others ;  
 But in their own sense only swore  
 To strive to run away before ;  
 And now would prove, that words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both ?  
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch,  
 Between a right and mungrel church,  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
 As 'twas made out to us the last  
 Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast,)  
 When Providence had been suborn'd,  
 What answer was to be return'd.  
 Else why should tumults fright us now,  
 We have so many times gone through?

And understand as well to tame,  
 As when they serve our turns, t'inflame;  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 With drums and rattles, like a child;  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us:  
 For all our scouring of religion  
 Began with tumults and sedition;  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
 Became strong motives to devotion;  
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts, and reform,)  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,  
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,  
 Made bills to pass the grand committee;  
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chace to rochets, and white sleeves,  
 And made the church, and state, and laws,  
 Submit t'old ir'n, and the cause.  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
 So might we better now agen,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 To use them rightly in our need;  
 Tumults, by which the mutinous  
 Betray themselves instead of us;  
 The hollow hearted, disaffected,  
 And close malignants are detected;

Who lay their lives and fortunes down,  
 For pledges to secure our own;  
 And freely sacrifice their ears  
 T'appease our jealousies and fears.  
 And yet for all these providences  
 W'are offered, if we had our senses;  
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
 Our hands committed to our pockets,  
 And nothing but our tongues at large,  
 To get the wretches a discharge.  
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,  
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts:  
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
 That know not how to shift betimes,  
 And neither have the hearts to stay,  
 Nor wit enough to run away;  
 Who, if we could resolve on either,  
 Might stand or fall at least together;  
 No mean or trivial solaces  
 To partners in extreme distress;  
 Who use to lessen their despairs,  
 By parting them int'equal shares;  
 As if the more they were to bear,  
 They felt the weight the easier;  
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
 The more he took his turn among.  
 But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
 If we had courage left, or wit;  
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest course;

Have time to rally, and prepare  
 Our last and best defence, despair;  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,  
 By b'ing courageously outbrav'd;  
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men;  
 And not so dully desperate,  
 To side against ourselves with fate:  
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of breaking covenants,  
 And setting up exauns of saints,  
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy.  
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks, for Independent,  
 To hang like Mahomet in th'air,  
 Or St. Ignatius at his pray'r,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state:  
 Disdain the pedantry o'th'letter,  
 And since obedience is better  
 (The scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on't will suffice;  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,

Or any opinion, true or false,  
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd t'account or question.  
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;  
 And bid themselves turn back again  
 Lord may'rs of new Jerusalem.  
 But look so big, and overgrown,  
 They scorn their edificers t'own,  
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,  
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;  
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,  
 Like charity on those that want;  
 And learn'd th'apocryphal bigots  
 T'inspire themselves with short-hand notes:  
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And teach, the house of Commons way?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,  
 But from our Calamys and Cafes?  
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye, or Owen?  
 Their dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield.  
 And had they not begun the war,  
 Th'had ne'er been fainted as they are.  
 For saints in peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate;

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege.  
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins,  
 That in a while grow out again;  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And from the most refin'd of saints,  
 As nat'rally grow miscreants,  
 As barnacles turn solan geese:  
 I'th' island of the Orcades.  
 Their dispensation's but a ticket,  
 For their conforming to the wicked;  
 With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense.  
 For as the pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:  
 And, if the world has any troth,  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the over-heated sots  
 In fevers still, like other goats;  
 For though the whore bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks;  
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter the're, they grow the stiffer;

Still setting of their spiritual goods,  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.  
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of dependences;  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones:  
 And not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked, and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The brethren, and the men of sin;  
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's brotherhood;  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause:  
 For though endu'd with resolution,  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious saints, and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of brethren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men?  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater elves?  
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;

When savage bears agree with bears,  
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th'ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both?  
 Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?  
 And saints whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take?  
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal;  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while?  
 At least until th'had a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage,  
 Without the danger of surprise  
 By both our common enemies.

This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understands their workings out;  
 And know 'em both in soul and conscience,  
 Giv'n up t'as reprobate a nonsense  
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
 We, whom at first they set up under,  
 In revelation only of plunder,  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their incroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform and undermine;

Took all our interests and commands  
 Perfidiously out of our hands;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd;  
 And made us serve as ministerial,  
 Like younger sons of father Belial.  
 And yet for all th'inhuman wrong  
 Th'have done us, and the cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The work still, as we had begun:  
 But true and faithfully obey'd,  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the cavaliers;  
 Nor put them to the charge of goals,  
 To find us pil'ries and cart-tails,  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new  
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
 Held for the cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held.  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men;  
 Our inward man, and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same.

And till they first began to cant,  
 And sprinkle down the covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;  
 But join'd our gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy.  
 Although 'twas our and their opinion,  
 Each others church was but a Rimmon:  
 And yet for all this gospel-union,  
 And outward shew of church-communion,  
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares,  
 Of ruling church or state affairs;  
 Nor give us leave t'absolve, or sentence  
 T'our own conditions of repentance;  
 But shar'd our dividend o'th' crown,  
 We had so painfully preach'd down;  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T'have calls to teach it up again:  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;  
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
 W'had been ungrateful not to pay:  
 Who, for the right w'have done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way  
 Once more to come again in play.  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about;  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring in the king:

What would our actions not have done,  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on;  
 And therefore may pretend t'a share,  
 At least in carrying on th'affair:  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 W'have done enough to have it thought;  
 And that's as good as if w'had done't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account:  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 The world is nat'rally averse  
 To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
 With greediness and gluttony;  
 And though it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong:  
 As women long, when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome;  
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles;  
 And what they're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in providence.  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first accesses;  
 If we but get again in pow'r,  
 Our work is easier than before;

And we more ready and expert  
 I'th' mystery to do our part.  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create, than make;  
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry't on:  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own:  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we now w'are better vers'd;  
 Who have a freer latitude  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd?  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our discipline;  
 To which it was reveal'd long since,  
 We were ordain'd by providence:  
 When three saints ears, our predecessors,  
 The cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiply'd by six, express'd  
 The perfect number of the beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men,  
 To bring this work about agen;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough reformation;  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, pow'rful, preaching masters?

Possess'd with absolute dominions  
 O'er brethren's purses and opinions;  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven, and their warehouses;  
 Who, when the cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please,  
 That brooding lie in bankers hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands;  
 And daily increase and multiply;  
 With doctrine, use, and usury:  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war  
 All other heads of cattle are;)   
 From th'enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the town:  
 From ladies hurried in calleches,  
 With cor'nets at their footmens breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as mother Nab;  
 All guts and belly, like a crab.  
 Our party's great, and better ty'd  
 With oaths, and trade, than any side:  
 Has one considerable improvement,  
 To double fortify the cov'nant:  
 I mean our covenants, to purchase  
 Delinquents titles and the churches:  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land;  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions.

Our best reserve for reformation,  
 When new outgoings give occasion:  
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,  
 The covenant; their creed, t'assert:  
 And when they've pack'd a parliament,  
 Will once more try th'expedient:  
 Who can already muster friends,  
 To serve for members, to our ends,  
 That represent no part o'th'nation,  
 But Fisher's-Folly congregation;  
 Are only tools to our intrigues,  
 And sit, like geese, to hatch our eggs;  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T'out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,  
 Can order matters underhand,  
 To put all bus'ness to a stand:  
 Lay public bills aside for private,  
 And make 'em one another drive out;  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary;  
 And make the nation represent  
 And serve for us in parliament;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none;  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental;  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy;  
 Make lords and commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges;

And rather than compound the quarrel,  
Engage, to th'inevitable peril  
Of both their ruins; th'only scope  
And consolation of our hope:  
Who, though we do not play the game,  
Assist as much by giving aim,  
Can introduce our ancient arts,  
For heads of factions t'act their parts;  
Know what a leading voice is worthy,  
A seconding, a third, a fourth;  
How much a casting voice comes to,  
That turns up trump of Ay or No;  
And by adjusting all at th'end,  
Share every one his dividend.  
An art that so much study cost,  
And now's in danger to be lost,  
Unless our ancient virtuosos,  
That found it out, get into th'houses.  
These are the courses that we took  
To carry things by hook or crook;  
And practis'd down from forty-four,  
Until they turn'd us out of door:  
Besides the herds of *bontasters*,  
We set on work without the house;  
When ev'ry knight and citizen  
Kept legislative journeymen,  
To bring them in intelligences  
From all points of the rabble's sense;  
And fill the lobbies of both houses  
With politic important buzzes:

Set up committees of cabals,  
 To pack designs without the walls;  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use.  
 Agree upon the plot o'th'farce,  
 And ev'ry one his part rehearse.  
 Make q's of answers, to way-lay  
 What th'other party's like to say:  
 What repartees, and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections;  
 And who shall break the master-jest,  
 And what, and how, upon the rest:  
 Help pamphlets out, with false editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions:  
 And treason for a token send,  
 By letter to a country-friend;  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit;  
 Wit falser than a padder's face,  
 That all its owner does, betrays;  
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
 He's in his calling to be seen.  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 In spite of laws and proclamations:  
 For Chiarlatans can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a croud;  
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for't;

As long as confessors are sure  
Of double pay for all th'endure;  
And what they earn in persecution,  
Are paid t'a groat in contribution:  
Whence some sub-holders-forth have made  
In powd'ring tubs their richest trade;  
And, while they keep their shops in prison,  
Have found their prices strangely risen.  
Disdain to own the least regret  
For all the Christian blood w'have let;  
'Twill save our credit, and maintain  
Our title to do so again:  
That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
But pertinacious impudence.  
Our constancy t'our principles,  
In time will wear out all things else:  
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,  
With gallantry of pilgrims kisses;  
While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths:  
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long  
Before from world to world they swung:  
As they had turn'd from side to side,  
And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.  
This said, th'impatient states-monger  
Could now contain himself no longer;  
Who had not spar'd to shew his picques  
Against th'haranguer's politics,  
With smart remarks, of leering faces,  
And annotations of grimaces,

After h'had minister'd a dose  
Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,  
And powder'd th'inside of his skull,  
Instead of th'outward jobbernal,  
He shook it, with a scornful look,  
On th'adversary, and thus he spoke.

In dressing a calf's head, altho'  
The tongue and brains together go,  
Both keep so great a distance here,  
'Tis strange if ever they come near;  
For who did ever play his gambols,  
With such insufferable rambles;  
To make the bringing in the KING,  
And keeping of him out, one thing?  
Which none could do, but those that swore  
T'as point-blank nonsense heretofore:  
That to defend, was to invade;  
And to assassinate, to aid;  
Unless, because you drove him out,  
(And that was never made a doubt,)  
No power is able to restore  
And bring him in, but on your score:  
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
Most properly to all your uses.  
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
To cure the wounds the vermin made;  
And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore  
And heal the hurts they gave before:  
But whether Presbyterians have  
So much good-nature as the salve,

Or virtue in them as the vermin,  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th'arrears of all your services,  
 And for th'eternal obligation  
 Y'have laid upon th'ungrateful nation,  
 Be us'd s'unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward,  
 For letting rapine loose, and murther,  
 To rage just so far, but no further;  
 And setting all the land on fire,  
 To burn t'a scantling, but no higher:  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats of church and state:  
 And not b'allow'd the fittest men  
 To take the charge of both agen,  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying, gifted face;  
 Who when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd,  
 And sprinkled in at second hand;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd  
 To damn ourselves, t'avoid b'ing damn'd:  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at back-gammony  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours; who did but bet;

(For he had drawn your ears before,  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)

We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y'had lost us, at foul play;  
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
 And fancy only, on the by;  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles;  
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up, like alligators:  
 For which ingeniously y'have shew'd  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;  
 Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide,  
 And scruple on the other side,  
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse:  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again:  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,  
 Than maggots when they turn to flies:  
 And therefore all your lights and calls  
 Are but aprocryphal, and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences;  
 That to your own imperious wills  
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the new for precedent:

T'amend its errors and defects,  
 With murther, and rebellion-texts;  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon;  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth in use;  
 As Mahomet, your chief, began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion;  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,  
 And gifted mortifying groans;  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
 As pigs are said to see the wind:  
 Fill'd bedlam with predestination  
 And Knight's-bridge with illumination:  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford.  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to malignants marry'd.  
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,  
 Whose husbands were not for the cause;  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they went not out to battle;  
 Made taylors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the saints adventures,  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:

Inchant the king's and church's lands,  
 T'obey and follow your commands;  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marcy-hill had done of old.  
 Could turn the cov'nant, and translate  
 The gospel into spoons and plate;  
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
 And open th' intricate places:  
 Could catechize a money-box,  
 And prove all pouches orthodox;  
 Until the cause became a Damon,  
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spite of all your charms,  
 To conjure Legion up in arms;  
 And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y'were able to cast out,  
 Y'have been reduc'd, and by those fools  
 Bred up, you say, in your own schools;  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit,  
 By whom y'have been so oft trepann'd,  
 And held forth out of all command,  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;  
 Of all your dispensations worm'd,  
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd;  
 Ejected out of church and state,  
 And all things, but the people's hate;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,

By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces,  
 Like better bowlers, in your places;  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th'account of persecution;  
 And though most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;  
 And never humm'd and hau'd sedition,  
 Nor snuffed treason nor misprision.  
 That is, because you never durst;  
 For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas! you were no longer able  
 To raise your posse of the rabble:  
 One single red-coat centinel  
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse:  
 We know too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your pow'rs;  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of outgoings;  
 Or to your ord'ring providence  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you pow'r to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man;  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:

Brave undertakers to restore,  
That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;  
T'advance the int'rests of the crown,  
That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
To wrong ye, done your parts in both,  
To keep him out, and bring him in,  
As grace is introduc'd by sin;  
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
And sanctify'd impertinence;  
Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,  
That forc'd our rulers to new-model;  
Oblig'd the state to tack about,  
And turn you, root and branch, all out;  
To reformato, one and all,  
T'your great Croysado general.  
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,  
That sprung the game you were to set,  
Before y'had time to draw the net:  
Your spite to see the church's lands  
Divided into other hands,  
And all your sacrilegious ventures  
Laid out in tickets and debentures;  
Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
By under churches in the town;  
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
Nor th'Independent's spreading growths.  
All which considered, 'tis most true  
None bring him in so much as you;

Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,  
The midnight-junto's, and seal'd knots;  
That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
Than all their own rash politics.  
And this way you may claim a share  
In carrying (as you brag) th'affair;  
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns loose;  
And flies and mange, that set them free  
From task-masters, and slavery,  
Were likelier to do the feat,  
In an indifferent man's conceit:  
For who e'er heard of restoration,  
Until your thorough reformation?  
That is, the king's and church's lands  
Were sequester'd int' other hands:  
For only then, and not before,  
Your eyes were open'd to restore.  
And when the work was carrying on,  
Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?  
As by a world of hints appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o'th'first: The isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny't;  
Where Henderson, and th'other masses,  
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases;  
To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:  
As if th'unseasonable fools  
Had been a courting in the schools;

Until th'had prov'd the devil author  
 O'th'cov'nant, and the cause his daughter.  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt;  
 They did not mean he wrought th'effusion  
 In person like Sir Pride, or Hughson;  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel, were by him set on.  
 And who could those be but the saints,  
 Those reformation termagants?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 T'inclose him with his warriors round:  
 Had brought his providence about,  
 And turn'd th'untimely sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less  
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;  
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,  
 The scum, as well as son o'th'earth,  
 Your mighty senators took law,  
 At his command were forc'd t'withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o'th'nation  
 To doctrine, use, and application.  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th'espousers of your cause and monies,  
 Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends;

You basely left them, and the church  
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true Philistines.  
This shews what utensils y'have been,  
To bring the king's concerns in :  
Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you;  
And if he take you into trust,  
Will find you most exactly just ;  
Such as will punctually repay  
With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
Than those who duly act one part ;  
Or those who turn from side to side,  
More guilty than the wind and tide.  
All countries are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some,  
Who change them for the same intrigues.  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues ;  
While others in old faiths and troths,  
Look odd, as out of-fashion'd cloths :  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
Than those who never shift their linen.

For true and faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes :  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w'have but sense,  
To use the necessary means;  
And not your usual stratagems  
On one another, lights and dreams.  
To stand on terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give:  
Set up the covenant on crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
And dream of pulling churches down,  
Before w'are sure to prop our own:  
Your constant method of proceeding,  
Without the carnal means of heeding:  
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
Are worse, than if y'had none, accounted.

I grant, all courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again;  
The only way that's left us now,  
But all the difficulty's, how?  
'Tis true, w'have money, th'only pow'r  
That all mankind falls down before;  
Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things:  
And therefore need not doubt our play  
Has all advantages that way:  
As long as men have faith to sell,  
And meet with those that can pay well;

Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice,  
 One church and state will not suffice,  
 T'expose to sale, beside the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own,  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down;  
 For 'twill return, and turn t'account,  
 If we are brought in play upon't:  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win?  
 We know the arts we us'd before,  
 In peace and war, and something more;  
 And by th'unfortunate events,  
 Can mend our next experiments:  
 For when w're taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wisest choust?  
 Who see but th'outsides of our feats,  
 And not their secret springs and weights:  
 And while they're busy at their ease,  
 Can carry what designs we please:  
 How easy is't to serve for agents,  
 To prosecute our old engagements?  
 To keep the good old cause on foot,  
 And present pow'r from taking root;  
 Inflame them both with false alarms  
 Of plots, and parties taking arms;  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
 From healing up of side to side;  
 Profess the passionat'st concerns,  
 For both their interests, by turns.

The only way t'improve our own,  
 By dealing faithfully with none;  
 (As bowls run true, by being made  
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)  
 For if we should be true to either,  
 'Twould turn us out of both together;  
 And therefore have no other means  
 To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our ancient party  
 In vigour, confident and hearty;  
 To reconcile our late dissenters,  
 Our brethren, though by other venters;  
 Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,  
 As long and short sticks are in faggots:  
 And make them join again as close,  
 As when they first began t'espouse;  
 Erect them into separate  
 New Jewish tribes, in church and state;  
 To join in marriage and commerce,  
 And only 'mong themselves converse,  
 And all that are not of their mind,  
 Make enemies to all mankind:  
 Take all religions in, and stickle  
 From conclave down to conventicle:  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
 According to the light in being.  
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spiritual misrule in one sense:  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As dispensations chance to vary:

And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
 All contradictions of the spirit :  
 Protect their emissaries, impow'r'd  
 To preach sedition and the word :  
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
 Release the lab'ers for the cause ;  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack,  
 To keep them equally in awe,  
 From breaking or maintaining law ;  
 And when they have their fits too soon,  
 Before the full tides of the moon ;  
 Put of their zeal t'a fitter season,  
 For sowing faction in, and treason ;  
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,  
 Like hawks from bating on their perches :  
 That when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.

Mean while be better arm'd to fence  
 Against revolts of providence ;  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :  
 For if success could make us saints,  
 Or ruin turn'd us miscreants :  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,  
 'Spite of our hearts, or be undone :

And not to stand on terms and freaks,  
Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work, as out of sight,  
As stars by day, and suns by night :  
All licence of the people own,  
In opposition to the crown.  
And for the crown as fiercely side,  
The head and body to divide.  
The end of all we first design'd,  
And all that yet remains behind :  
Be sure to spare no public rapine,  
On all emergencies that happen ;  
For 'tis as easy to supplant  
Authority, as men in want :  
As some of us, in trusts, have made  
The one hand with the other trade ;  
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour  
The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
And what the one, by tricks, forestal'd,  
The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
For gain has wonderful effects  
T'improve the factory of sects :  
The rule of faith in all professions,  
And great Diana of th'Ephesians :  
Whence turning of religion's made  
The means to turn and wind a trade.  
And though some change it for the worse,  
They put themselves into a course ;  
And draw in store of customers,  
To thrive the better in commerce :

For all religions flock together,  
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;  
To nab the itches of their sects,  
As jades do one another's necks.  
Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well  
Will serve t'improve a church as zeal:  
As persecution, or promotion,  
Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go,  
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow:  
For things in order are put out  
So easy, ease itself will do't;  
But when the feat's design'd and meant,  
What miracle can bar th'event!  
For 'tis more easy to betray,  
Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,  
The weightiest matters to divert;  
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,  
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.  
But in affairs of less import,  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;  
And seem as scrupulously just,  
To bait our hooks for greater trust;  
But still be careful to cry down  
All public actions, though our own:  
The least miscarriage aggravate,  
And charge it all upon the state;

Express the horrid'st detestation,  
 And pity the distracted nation.  
 Tell stories scandalous, and false,  
 I'th'proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says,  
 Is half in words, and half in face;  
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues,  
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs;)  
 Intrust it under solemn vows  
 Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers,  
 For th'easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—When a shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out;  
 And strait another, all aghast,  
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste;  
 Who star'd about as pale as death,  
 And, for a while, as out of breath;  
 Till having gather'd up his wits,  
 He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble—that came down  
 From all the garrets—in the town,  
 And stalls, and shop-boards,—in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,  
 To cry the cause—up, heretofore,  
 And bawl the bishops—out of door;  
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the grandees—of our members  
 Are carbonading—on the embers;

Knights, citizens, and burgesſes—  
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geefe,  
 That ſerve for characters—and badges  
 To repreſent their perſonages :  
 Each bonfire is a ſun'ral pile,  
 In which they roaſt—and ſcorch, and broil,  
 And ev'ry repreſentative  
 Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive :

And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already ſacrific'd incarnate.  
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
 W'are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar :  
 Some on the ſign-poſt of an alehouſe,  
 Hang, in effigie, on the gallows,  
 Made up of rags, to perſonate  
 Reſpective officers of ſtate ;  
 That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,  
 Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,  
 And while the work is carrying on,  
 Be ready liſted under Dun ;  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,  
 And tinder-box of all his fellows ;  
 The activ'ſt member of the five,  
 As well as the moſt primitive ;  
 Who, for his faithful ſervice then,  
 Is choſen for a fiſth agen ;  
 (For ſince the ſtate has made a quint  
 Of generals, he's liſted in't :)  
 This worthy, as the world will ſay,  
 Is paid in ſpecie, his own way ;

For, moulded to the life in clouts,  
 Th'have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,  
 A cropt malignant baker gave him :  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.  
 On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scar-crow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th'us'd to do ;  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman,  
 Like vermin in effigie slain.

But, what's more dreadful than the rest,  
 Those rumps are but the tail o'th'beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly appears ;  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the church with powder ;  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
 These spiritual pioneers o'th'whore's,  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in heav'n by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels  
 Of gun-powder, dispute their quarrels ;  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up in th'open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;

More like to ruin and confound,  
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
For symbols of state-mysteries :  
Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;  
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,  
Are represented best by rumps.  
But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
In all their politic far-fetches ;  
And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus,  
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
For as the Aegyptians us'd by bees  
T'express their antique Ptolomies ;  
And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
Held forth authority and pow'r :  
Because these subtle animals  
Bear all their interest in their tails ;  
And when they're once impair'd in that,  
Are banish'd their well-order'd state ;  
They thought all governments were best  
By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.

For, as in bodies natural,  
The rump's the fundament of all ;  
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,  
The government is call'd the *helm* ;  
With which, like vessels under sail,  
They're turn'd, and winded by the tail,  
The tail which birds and fishes steer  
Their courses with, through sea and air :

To whom the rudder of the rump is  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.  
 This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in nature jump.  
 For as a fly that goes to bed,  
 Rests with his tail above his head;  
 So, in this mungrel state of ours,  
 The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jaddish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned rabbins of the Jews  
 Write there's a bone, which they call *leuz*,  
 I'th'rump of man, of such a virtue,  
 No force in nature can do hurt to;  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th'other members shall, they say,  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetals proceed;  
 From whence the learned sons of art  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part.  
 Then what can better represent,  
 Than this rump bone, the parliament,  
 That, after sev'ral rude ejections  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversions of nine lives,  
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?

But, now, alas! they're all expir'd,  
 And th'house, as well as members, fir'd;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,  
 With which they other fires put out;

Condemn'd t'ungoverning distress,  
And paltry, private wretchedness;  
Worse than the devil, to privation,  
Beyond all hopes of restoration;  
And parted like the body and soul,  
From all dominion and control.

We, who could lately with a look  
Enact, establish, or revoke;  
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;  
Before the bluster of whose huff,  
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;  
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
Down to the footman and valet:  
Had more bent-knees than chapel-mats,  
And pray'rs, than the crowns of hats;  
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
For ruin's just as low as high;  
Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
The horror that attends our fall:  
For some of us have scores more large  
Than heads and quarters can discharge;  
And others, who, by restless scraping,  
With public frauds, and private rapine,  
Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
Would gladly lay down all at last;  
And to be but undone, entail  
Their vessels on perpetual jail;  
And bless the devil to let them farms  
Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.

'This said, a nearer and louder shout  
 Put all th'assembly to the rout;  
 Who now begun t'outrun their fear,  
 As horses do, from those they bear;  
 But crouded on with so much haste,  
 Until th'had block'd the passage fast,  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members,  
 Than have them grilly'd on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs,  
 Of one another, on their backs:  
 The vanguard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear;  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot;  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
 As th'horrid cook'ry of the rabble;  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply  
 Of rally'd force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

### C A N T O III.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The knight and squire's prodigious flight  
To quit th'inchanted bow'r by night :  
He plods to turn his amorous suit  
T'a plea in law, and prosecute;  
Repairs to counsel, to advise  
'Bout managing the enterprise;  
But first resolves to try by letter,  
And one more fair address, to get her.

W<sup>H</sup>O would believe what strange bugbears  
Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
Equivocally, without seed?  
And have no possible foundation,  
But merely in th'imagination?  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
Than all their nurseries of elves.  
For fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which;  
Sets up communities of senses,  
To chop and change intelligencies;

As Rosycrucian virtuosos  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;  
 That makes them in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions;  
 And when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best:  
 Do things, not contrary, alone,  
 To th'course of nature, but its own;  
 The courage of the bravest daunt,  
 And turn poltroons as valiant:  
 For men as resolute appear,  
 With too much, as too little fear;  
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from death by dying;  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the furies, left perdue,  
 And haunted with detachments, sent  
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;  
 When nothing but himself, and fear,  
 Was both the imp and conjurer;  
 As, by the rules o'th'virtuosi,  
 It follows in due form of poesy.

Disguis'd in all the mask of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,

At blind-man's-buff, to grope his way,  
 In equal fear of night and day;  
 Who took his dark and des'prate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse;  
 And by an unknown devil led,  
 (He knew as little whether) fled.  
 He never was in greater need,  
 Nor less capacity of speed;  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away, his best;  
 To keep the enemy, and fear,  
 From equal falling on his rear.  
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side:  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse;  
 And when the hackney fails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift;)  
 So though he posted ere so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste:  
 For fear, though swifter than the wind,  
 Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But when the morn began t'appear,  
 And shift t'another scene his fear;  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 That came so timely to his aid,  
 And forc'd him from the foe t'escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t'interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told  
 The lady all he had t'unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th'approaching knight;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T'accommodate his beast and person,  
 And put his beard into a posture  
 At best advantage to accost her;  
 She order'd th'antimasquerade  
 (For his reception) aforefaid:  
 But when the ceremony was done,  
 The lights put out, and furies gone;  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;  
 The wretched caitiff all alone  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan,  
 And tell his story to himself;  
 The knight mistook him for an elf:  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man;  
 And thought, because they oft agreed  
 T'appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part,  
 With undistinguishable art;  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes;  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art? my squire, or that bold spright  
 That took his place and shape to-night?

Some busy independent pug,  
 Retainer to his synagogue?  
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose;  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,  
 Wh'has dragg'd your Donship out o'th'mire,  
 And from th'inchantments of a widow,  
 Wh'had turn'd you int'a beast, have freed you;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe, where now you are;  
 Which you would gratefully repay,  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.

That's stranger, quoth the knight, and stranger:  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Th'infernal conjurer  
 Pursu'd and took me prisoner;  
 And knowing you were hercabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out.  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did.  
 And though they lay to him the pageant,  
 I did not see him, nor his agent;  
 Who play'd their forceries out of sight,  
 T'avoid a fiercer second fight.  
 But didst thou see no devils then?  
 Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel;  
 That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,  
 To see them take your deposition.

What then, quoth Hudibras, was he  
 That play'd the devil t'examine me?  
 A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown:  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer,  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre.  
 All which they took in black and white,  
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone,  
 To act the devil, and forbear  
 To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
 And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate,  
 To be by me prevail'd upon,  
 With any motives of my own:  
 And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The dev'l a while, to nick your wit;  
 The dev'l, that is your constant crony,  
 That only can prevail upon ye:  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The knight, who now began to find  
 Th'had left the enemy behind,

And saw no farther harm remain,  
But feeble weariness and pain;  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th'had gain'd th'advantage of the day;  
And by declining of the road,  
They had, by chance, their rear made good;  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rent and tear,  
And gave the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back.  
For having paus'd to recollect,  
And on his past success reflect,  
T'examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how he came to fly,  
And when no devil had appear'd,  
What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd;  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage;  
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, it was thy cowardice  
That made me from this leaguer rise;  
And when I'd half reduc'd the place,  
To quit it infamously base.  
Was better cover'd by the new  
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew:  
To slight my new acquets, and run  
Victoriously from battles won:  
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
To sell them cheaper than they cost;

To make me put myself to flight,  
 And conqu'ring, run away by night;  
 To drag me out, which th'haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do:  
 To mount me in the dark by force,  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,  
 Expos'd in quерpo to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th'unequal fight renew:  
 And, to preserve thy outward man,  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you.  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,  
 To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse:  
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th'cars,  
 Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.  
 Who, tho' th'attempt had prov'd in vain,  
 Had had no reason to complain;  
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
 From unavoidable battoons.  
 The enemy was reinforce'd,  
 And we disabled, and unhors'd,  
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
 And no way left but hasty flight,

Which, tho' 'twas desp'rate in th'attempt,  
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition,  
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,  
To think of falling on again :  
No martial project to surprise,  
Can ever be attempted twice ;  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.  
Besides, our bangs of man and beast  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally and prove serviceable :  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
This stratagem, t'amuse our foes,  
To make an honourable retreat,  
And wave a total sure defeat :  
For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct in the martial art :  
By which some glorious feats atchieve,  
As citizens, by breaking, thrive ;  
And cannons conquer armies, while  
They seem to draw off and recoil.  
'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest,  
That spares th'expence of time and pains,  
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;

And in the end prevails as certain  
 As those that never trust to fortune;  
 To make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution:  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow.  
 If th'ancients crown'd their bravest men,  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one would save but one?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,  
 Where all resolve to save the most?  
 By this means, when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done:  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves, at least, i'th'victory;  
 And sometime, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all:  
 Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in gazettes:  
 And when, for furious haste to run,  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have don't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome:  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame,  
 Disperse the news, the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;  
 And though reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;

Yet, with religious blasphemy,  
 By flatt'ring heaven with a lie;  
 And for their beating giving thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;  
 For those who run from th'enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly;  
 And when the fight becomes a chace,  
 Those win the day, that win the race;  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with easy flights,  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy-wine and *aqua vitae*;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;  
 Whom th'uncontroll'd decrees of fate  
 To victory necessitate;  
 With which, although they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return:  
 Or else their Sultan-populaces  
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land;  
 And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out th'had won the day;  
 Although the rabble fous'd them for't,  
 O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.  
 'Tis true, our modern way of war  
 Is grown more politic by far,

But not so resolute and bold,  
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,  
 Unless it to be to herds of cattle :  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,  
 The whole design o'th'expedition;  
 And not with downright blows to rout  
 The enemy, but eat them out :  
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way ;  
 To give defiance to their teeth,  
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;  
 And those atchieve the high'st renown,  
 That bring the other's stomach down.  
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming,  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine;  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine :  
 But have no need, nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory, or forage :  
 For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully i'th'rear ;  
 And forc'd with terrible resistance,  
 To keep hereafter at a distance,  
 To pick out ground t'incamp upon,  
 Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th'engagements of their warriors ;

Where both from side to side may skip,  
 And only encounter at bo-peep :  
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
 The certainer they're to be parted ;  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
 As th'ancient mice attack'd the frogs ;  
 And made their mortal enemy,  
 The water-rat, their strict ally.  
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ?  
 But, who bears hunger best, and cold ?  
 And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
 Who longest can hold out at starving :  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man at prowess.  
 So th'Emperor Caligula,  
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea,  
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;  
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles ;  
 And led his troops with furious gallops,  
 To charge whole regiments of scallops ;  
 Not like their ancient way of war,  
 To wait on his triumphal car :  
 But when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely eat his captives up ;  
 And left all war, by his example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,

'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;  
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her,  
 Tho' some have done it in romances,  
 And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;  
 As those who win the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,  
 By courting of her back and side.  
 But since those times and seats are over,  
 They are not for a modern lover;  
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
 By such addressees to be gain'd;  
 And if they were, would have it out,  
 With many other kind of bout.  
 Therefore I hold no course s'infeasible,  
 As this of force to win the Jezebel;  
 To storm her heart by th'antic charms  
 Of ladies-errant, force of arms;  
 But rather strive by law to win her,  
 And try the title you have in her.  
 Your case is clear, you have her word,  
 And me to witness the accord;  
 Besides two more of her retinue  
 To testify what pass'd between you;  
 More probable, and like to hold,  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;  
 For which so many, that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,

And bills upon record been found,  
That forc'd the ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the bus'ness you look after:  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
Are braver now than those in war,  
In which the law does execution  
With less disorder and confusion;  
Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the new way, but the old;  
When those the pen had drawn together,  
Decided quarrels with the feather,  
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
Nay, more than bullets now of lead:  
So all the combats now, as then,  
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;  
That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
In words at length, as well as figures;  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms;  
And whatso'er's atchiev'd in fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right:  
For whether you prevail or lose,  
All must be try'd there in the close;  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
What you must trust to, ere y'have done.

The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo;  
That makes the most perfidious lover  
A lady, that's as false, recover:

And if it judge upon your side,  
Will soon extend her for your bride;  
And put her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest sages;  
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th'engage with fiercer dudgeons,  
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans;  
They never manage the contest  
T'impair their public interest;  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession:  
Not like us brethren, who divide  
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side;  
And tho' w'are all as near of kindred  
As th'outward man is to the inward;  
W'agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle;  
While lawyers have more sober sense,  
Than t'argue at their own expence,  
But make their best advantages  
Of others quarrels, like the Swifs:  
And out of foreign controversies,  
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;  
But have no int'rest in the cause  
For which th'engage, and wage the laws;  
Nor further prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day.

And though th'abounded in all ages,  
 With fundry learned clerks and sages;  
 Though all their bus'ness be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit;  
 Th'have no disputes about their art,  
 Nor in polemics controvert:  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t'abound;  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians;  
 The Galenist and Paracelsian,  
 Condemn the way each other deals in:  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;  
 And heralds stickle who got who  
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation,  
 T'expose their trade to disputation;  
 Or make the busy rabble judges  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges;  
 In which whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession's sure to pay.  
 Besides, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats;  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot thirst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law?

Or could hold forth, by revelation,  
 An answer to a declaration?  
 For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills, and answers, and replies;  
 They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b'your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.

The knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
 To edify, by Ralpho's gifts,  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own,  
 (All plagiaries constant course  
 Of sinking, when they take a purse,)  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise;  
 And after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And by transition fall upon  
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,  
 Is, of all others, the unwisest;  
 For if I think by law to gain her,  
 There's nothing sillier or vainer.  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing's certain but th'expence;  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours.

And if she should, which Heaven forbid,  
O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did;  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?  
He that with injury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish chowse,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
Applies himself to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods agen;  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain.  
And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult to play.  
For to reduce her by main force,  
Is now in vain, by fair means, worse;  
But worst of all to give her over,  
Till she's as des'prate to recover.  
For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won,  
But since I have no other course  
But is as bad t'attempt, or worse;  
He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still,  
Which he m'adhere to, yet disown,  
For reasons to himself best known:  
But 'tis not to b'avoided now,  
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;  
Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably first with him,

For I've receiv'd advertisement,  
 By times, enough of his intent;  
 And knowing, he that first complains,  
 Th'advantage of the bus'ness gains;  
 For courts of justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;  
 Who what he pleases may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear;  
 Is freely admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place;  
 And for his bringing custom in,  
 Has all advantages to win.

I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel to advise  
 Which way t'encounter, or surprise,  
 And after long consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th'occasion;  
 Most apt for what I have to do,  
 As counsellor and justice too.  
 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
 A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock  
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,  
 At Westminster and Hicks's-hall,  
 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;  
 Where, in all governments and times,  
 H'had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
 And us'd to equal ways of gaining,  
 By hindering justice, or maintaining;

To many a whore gave privilege,  
 And whipp'd, for want of quarteridge;  
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;  
 And many a trusty pimp and croney  
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money :  
 Engag'd the constable to seize  
 All those that would not break the peace;  
 Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Though sometimes commoners or lords,  
 And kept 'em prisoners of course,  
 For being sober at ill hours,  
 That in the morning he might free,  
 Or bind them over for his fee.  
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
 For leave to practise in their ways;  
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
 With th'headborough and scavenger;  
 And made the dirt o'th'streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground;  
 'The kennel, and the king's highway,  
 For being unmolested, pay;  
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most;  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandelers;  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine;  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly offend :

As residentiary bawds,  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church-duties, and his fees :  
 But was implacable and awkward,  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.

To this brave man the knight repairs  
 For counsel in his law-affairs ;  
 And found him mounted in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
 And for his false opinion pay :  
 To whom the knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case :  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd  
 As th'other courteously strain'd ;  
 And, t'assure him 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
 Whom I have cudgell'd——Very well.  
 And now he brags t'have beaten me ;  
 Better and better still, quoth he.  
 And vows to stick me to a wall,  
 Where-e'er he meets me.——Best of all.  
 'Tis true the knave has taken's oath  
 That I robb'd him——Well done, in troth.  
 When h'has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;  
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
 And take my goods again.——Marry, hang him.

Now whether I should beforehand  
Swear he robb'd me;——I understand;  
Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods——Ah! whorefon.  
Or if 'tis better to indite,  
And bring him to his trial;—Right.  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for the state against him:—True.  
Or whether he that is defendant,  
In this case, has the better end on't;  
Who putting in a new cross-bill,  
May traverse the action:—Better still.  
Then there's a lady too,—Ay, marry.  
That's easily prov'd accessory;  
A widow, who, by solemn vows  
Contracted to me, for my spouse,  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all.—Good Lord!  
Suborn'd th'aforesaid Sidrophel,  
To tamper with the dev'l of hell;  
Who put me int'a horrid fear,  
Fear of my life,——Make that appear.  
Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body.——Good agen.  
And kept me in a deadly fright,  
And false imprisonment, all night;  
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,  
And stole my saddle.—Worse and worse,  
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
T'avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim.  
 For if they've us'd you, as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;  
 I would it were my case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe:  
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;  
 For matrimony and hanging here,  
 Both go by destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and chuse,  
 As cros I win, and pile you loose:  
 And if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance,  
 As upon any case I've known,  
 But we that practise dare not own.  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking bus'ness off mens hands;  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them 'till there is not leather,  
 To stick a pin in, left of either;  
 For which some do the summer-fault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault.  
 But you may swear at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state:  
 For in all courts of justice here  
 A witness is not said to swear,

But make oath; that is, in plain terms,  
To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the knight, for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)

For justice, though she's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,

Like charity; else right and wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,

And, like blind fortune, with a slight,  
Convey mens interest and right,

From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's  
As easily as Hocus pocus:

Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.

Then whether you would take her life,  
Or but recover her for your wife;

Or be content with what she has, -  
And let all other matters pass,

The bus'ness to the law's all one,  
The proof is all it looks upon;

And you can want no witnesses  
To swear to any thing you please,

That hardly get their mere expences  
By th'labour of their consciences;

Or letting out to hire their ears  
To affidavit customers,

At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jurymen, or talies,

Although retain'd in th'hardest matters,  
Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone;  
 W'have store of such, and all our own;  
 Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,  
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,  
 By weighing all advantages,  
 Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On Bongey, for a water-witch;  
 And when y'have hang'd the conjurer,  
 Y'have time enough to deal with her.  
 In th'int'rim, spare for no trepans  
 To draw her neck into the bans;  
 Ply her with love-letters, and billets,  
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
 With trains t'inveigle, and surprise  
 Her heedless answers and replies:  
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They'll serve for other by-designs;  
 And make an artist understand  
 To copy out her seal and hand;  
 Or find void places in the paper  
 To steal in something to intrap her;  
 Till with her worldly goods and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply i'th'temple, under trees;  
 Or walk the round, with knights o'th'posts,  
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn:

Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,  
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
T'expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
According to their years and cloaths,  
Their only necessary tools,  
Besides the gospel, and their souls.  
And when y'are furnish'd with all purveys,  
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,  
A straw to understand a case,  
Without the admirable skill  
To wind and manage it at will;  
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause  
Against the weather-gage of laws;  
And ting the changes upon cases,  
As plain as noses upon faces,  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your fee;  
I long to practise your advice,  
And try the subtle artifice,  
To bait a letter as you bid;  
As not long after this he did:  
For having pump'd up all his wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN  
HEROICAL  
EPISTLE  
OF  
HUDIBRAS  
TO  
HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Caesar,  
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle,  
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fallen from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment;  
Where all the hopes I had t'have won  
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom, before you hear,  
You'll find, upon my just defence,  
How much y'have wrong'd my innocence.  
That once I made a vow to you,  
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;  
But not because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd:  
Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought;  
To undergo the loss of ears,  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:  
For there's a diff'rence in the case,  
Between the noble and the base;  
Who always are observ'd t'have done't  
Upon as different account:  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;  
For none are like to do it sooner  
Than those who're nicest of their honour:  
The other, for base gain and pay,  
For swear and perjure by the day;  
And make th'exposing and retailing  
Their souls and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
Upon a great and noble person,  
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd  
Th'old-fashion'd trick, To keep his word;  
Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
In meaner men to do the same:

For to be able to forget,  
 Is found more useful, to the great,  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wife.  
 But though the law, on perjurers,  
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears;  
 It is not just that does exempt  
 The guilty, and punish th'innocent:  
 To make the ears repair the wrong  
 Committed by th'ungovern'd tongue;  
 And when one member is forsworn,  
 Another to be cropt or torn.  
 And if you should, as you design,  
 By course of law, recover mine;  
 You're like, if you consider right,  
 To gain but little honour by't.  
 For he that for his lady's sake,  
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,  
 Does not so much deserve her favour,  
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
 This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,  
 Although you now disdain to own;  
 But sentence what you rather ought  
 T'esteem good service, than a fault.  
 " Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
 " That lit'ral sense the words infer;  
 " But, by the practice of the age,  
 " Are to be judg'd how far th'engage.  
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,  
 " Are found void, and of none effect.

" For no man takes or keeps a vow,  
 " But just as he sees others do;  
 " Nor are th'oblig'd to be so brittle,  
 " As not to yield and bow a little;  
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
 " Before they break, to bend quite round;  
 " So truest oaths are still most tough,  
 " And though they bow, are breaking proof."

Then wherefore should they not b'allow'd  
 In love a greater latitude?

For as the law of arms approves  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's;  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails:

For how can that which is above  
 All empire, high and mighty love,  
 Submit its great prerogative

To any other pow'r alive?  
 Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case?

The fundamental law of nature  
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?  
 Commit the censure of its cause

To any, but its own great laws?  
 Love, that's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive;  
 Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date;

The life of nature, that restores,  
 As fast as time and death devours;

374 HUDIB. TO HIS LADY. 105.

To whose free gift the world does owe,  
Not only earth, but heav'n too :  
For love's the only trade that's driv'n,  
The interest of the state in heav'n,  
Which nothing but the soul of man  
Is capable to entertain.

For what can earth produce, but love,  
To represent the joys above ?

Or who, but lovers, can converse,  
Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?  
Address and compliment by vision,  
Make love, and court by intuition ?  
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce  
As those celestial ministers ?

Then how can any thing offend,  
In order to so great an end ?

Or heaven itself a sin resent,  
That for its own supply was meant ?  
That merits, in a kind mistake,  
A pardon for th'offence's fake.

Or if it did not, but the cause  
Were left to th'injury of laws,  
What tyranny can disapprove  
There should be equity in love ?

For laws that are inanimate,  
And feel no sense of love, or hate,  
That have no passion of their own,  
Nor pity to be wrought upon ;  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge on criminals as strict.

But to have power to forgive,  
 Is empire, and prerogative :  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,  
 To grant a pardon, than condemn.  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t'indulge a well-meant fault ;  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return,  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
 And bravely carry his design ?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder ;  
 And after letting blood and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging ;  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night ;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard ;  
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd,  
 As foully by the rabble handled ;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard :  
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?  
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;

That with your breeding teeth begin,  
 And nursing babies, that lie in;  
 B'allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 Against your stratagems t'oppose,  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down;  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye:  
 Retire the more, the more we press,  
 To draw us into ambushes:  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T'intrap-th'unwary the mariner;  
 So women, to surprize us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red;  
 Display them thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers less subtle books:  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard:  
 Prepost'rously t'entice, and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain?  
 And only draw them in, to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T'his mistress, but the more a slave;

And whatsoever she commands,  
Becomes a favour from her hands;  
Which he's oblig'd t'obey, and must,  
Whether it be unjust, or just.  
Then when he's compell'd by her  
T'adventures, he would else forbear,  
Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
Since force is greater than command?  
And when Necessity's obey'd,  
Nothing can be unjust or bad:  
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs  
Of love, our great ally, and yours,  
Join'd forces not to be withstood  
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;  
All I have done, unjust or ill,  
Was in obedience to your will;  
And all the blame that can be due,  
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess'd,  
Against my will and interest,  
More than is daily done of course,  
By all men, when they're under force.  
Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
What th'hangman and their prompters please;  
But are no sooner out of pain,  
Than they deny it all again.  
But when the devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
To hear or pardon, like the founder  
Of liars, whom they all claim under.

378 HUDIB. TO HIS LADY. 225.

And therefore, when I told him none,  
I think it was the wiser done.  
Nor am I without precedent,  
'The first that on th'adventure went:  
All mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does the same, or worse.  
For what romance can shew a lover,  
'That had a lady to recover,  
And did not steer a nearer course,  
'To fall aboard in his amours?  
And what at first was held a crime,  
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

'To what a height did infant Rome,  
By ravishing of women, come?  
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:  
'They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor in the mind they were in, dy'd:  
Nor took the pains t'address and sue,  
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:  
Disdain'd to stay for friends consents,  
Nor juggled about settlements;  
Did need no licence, nor no priest,  
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;  
Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
In th'holy state of matrimony,  
Before they settled hands and hearts,  
Till allimony or death them parts:  
Nor would endure to stay until  
Th'had got the very bride's good-will,

But took a wife and shorter course  
To win the ladies, downright force;  
And justly made 'em pris'ners then,  
As they have often since, us men;  
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
The luckiest of all love's intrigues.  
And when they had them at their pleasure,  
They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
For after matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but half a lover,  
Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more  
Than half a year of love before;  
For which the dames, in contemplation  
Of that best way of application,  
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,  
By suit, or treaty, to be won;  
And such as all posterity  
Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
Not men for them.—It follows, then,  
That men have right to ev'ry one,  
And they no freedom of their own:  
And therefore men have power to chuse,  
But they no charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent, that what course  
Soe'er we take to your amours,  
Though by the indirectest way,  
'Tis no injustice, nor foul play;  
And that you ought to take that course,  
As we take you, for better or worse;

And gratefully submit to those  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should every savage beast  
 Exceed his great lord's interest?  
 Have freer power than he, in grace  
 And nature, o'er the creature has?  
 Because the laws he since has made,  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That nature gave him over women;  
 When all his pow'r will not extend  
 One law of nature to suspend:  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to rebel.  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they would make good;  
 And not, like fots, permit their wives  
 T'incroach on their prerogatives;  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:  
 And this some precious gifted teachers,  
 Unrev'rently reputed leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
 And make you suffer, as you ought,  
 For that uncharitable fault.  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th'instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me, fair, and only blame  
 Th'extravagancy of my flame,

Since 'tis too much, at once to shew  
Excess of love and temper too.  
All I have said that's bad, and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you;  
Who have so sov'raign a controul  
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul:  
That rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;  
Both with an equal pow'r possess,  
To render all that serve you blest:  
But none like him, who's destin'd either  
To have, or lose you, both together.  
And if you'll but this fault release,  
(For so it must be, since you please,)  
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
Which you commanded, and I swore,  
And expiate upon my skin  
Th'arrears in full of all my sin.  
For 'tis but just that I should pay  
Th'accruing penance for delay,  
Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal pity, and your love.

The knight, perusing this epistle,  
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle;  
And read it like a jocund lover,  
With great applause t'himself, twice over:  
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit;  
And dated it with wond'rous art,  
*Giv'n from the bottom of his heart,*

Then seal'd it with his coat of love,  
 A smoking faggot,—and above,  
 Upon a scroll,—*I burn and weep,*  
 And near it,—*For her ladyship;*  
*Of all her sex most excellent,*  
*These to her gentle hand present,*  
 Then gave it to his faithful squire,  
 With lessons how t'observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
 To send it back, or burn the letter.  
 But guessing that it might import,  
 Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
 She open'd it, and read it out,  
 With many a smile, and leering flout:  
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
 And thus perform'd what she design'd.

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THE  
LADY'S ANSWER  
TO THE  
KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
When both your sword and spurs were won  
In combat by an Amazon;  
That sword, that did, like fate, determine  
The inevitable death of vermin;  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
But cut the throats of pigs and cows;  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd, and wrested from its knight,  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners:  
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,  
If I, in pity of your complaint,

Had not, on honourable conditions,  
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;  
 And what return that favour met,  
 You cannot, though you would, forget;  
 When being free, you strove t'evade  
 The oaths you had in prison made;  
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
 But after own'd and justify'd it:  
 And when y'ad falsely broke one vow,  
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.  
 For while you sneakingly submit,  
 And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
 To hope for quarter for your ears:  
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
 You claim as boldly as your due;  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th'only course;  
 We have no title nor pretence  
 To body, soul, or conscience;  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware.  
 These are the motives, which, t'induce  
 Or fright us into love, you use.  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting;  
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
 For charity at once, and threat.  
 But since you undertake to prove  
 Your own propriety in love,

THE LADY'S ANSWER. 47. 385

As if we were but lawful prize  
In war, between two enemies;  
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
That would but sue for, might recover;  
It is not hard to understand  
The myst'ry of this bold demand;  
That cannot at our persons aim,  
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds, that inspire  
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:  
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads  
Which on our lips you lay for reds,  
And make us wear like Indian dames,  
Add fuel to your scorching flames;  
But those true rubies of the rock,  
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,  
That you are so transported with;  
But those we wear about our necks,  
Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,  
The periwigs you make us wear;  
But those bright guineas in our chests,  
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.  
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
That all their sly intrigues I know,  
And can unriddle by their tones,  
Their mystic cabals, and jargons;

Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds;  
 What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O'th' charms and graces of my house;  
 What ecstasy, and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money, in my name;  
 What from th'unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle takes its fire;  
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th'attracts which most men fall  
 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;  
 To these th'address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades,  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Y'have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
 To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;  
 That all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment in your choice of love;  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study't as an art;  
 For love should, like a Deodand,  
 Still fall to th'owner of the land;  
 And where there's substance for its ground,  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound

Than that which has the flighter basis  
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;  
 Which is of such thin subtilty,  
 It steals and creeps in at the eye,  
 And, at it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold, and precious stones,  
 Must, like its shining parents, prove  
 As solid, and as glorious love.  
 Hence 'tis, you have no way t'express  
 Our charms and graces, but by these:  
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty invades and conquers with,  
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
 With which, as philtres, love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,  
 In managing their childrens love;  
 That force 'em t'intermarry and wed,  
 As if th'were bur'ing of the dead.  
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
 To join in wedlock all they have;  
 And when the settlement's in force,  
 Take all the rest, for better or worse:  
 For money has a pow'r above  
 The stars and fate, to manage love;  
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.  
 And though some say, the parents claims  
 To make love in their childrens names;

Who many times at once provide  
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride;  
 Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,  
 And woo, and contract, in their names :  
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em;  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for money.  
 'Tis better than their own betrothing,  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing :  
 And when th'are at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.  
 All this is right ; but for the course  
 You take to do't, by fraud, or force,  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than fetters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow,  
 Which all men either break, or bow :  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo ?  
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,  
 For earnest to their treachery :  
 And rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less ;  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to th'last ;  
 And when their crimes were made appear  
 As plain as witnesses can swear ;

Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lie.  
 Nor are the virtues you confests'd  
 T'your ghostly father, as you guesst'd,  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;  
 Or credit were not to be lost,  
 B'a brave knight-errant of the post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board:  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*:  
 Can make the gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out to be forsworn;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,  
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.  
 These are the virtues, in whose name  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In grace and nature, o'er all women;  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny.  
 Although you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a num'rous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you:  
 For if you all were Solomons,  
 And wise and great as he was once,

You'll find they're able to subdue  
(As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,  
'Tis by your own temptation done :  
That with your ignorance invite,  
And teach us how to use the slight.  
For when we find y'are still more taken  
With false attracts of your own making,  
Swear that's a rose, and that a stone,  
Like sots, to us that laid it on ;  
And what we did but slightly prime,  
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme ;  
You force us, in our own defences,  
To copy beams and influences ;  
To lay perfections on the graces,  
And draw attracts upon our faces :  
And, in compliance to your wit,  
Your own false jewels counterfeit :  
For, by the practice of those arts,  
We gain a greater share of hearts,  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest pains and study cost :  
For great perfections are, like heav'n,  
Too rich a present to be giv'n.  
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
To be perform'd without hard duty ;  
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
The simple natural excel.  
How fair and sweet's the planted rose,  
Beyond the wild in hedges grows ?

For, without art, the noblest seeds  
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.  
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond?  
 Though paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care.  
 The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Would be but one great wilderness;  
 And mankind but a savage herd,  
 For all that nature has conferr'd.  
 This does but rough hew, and design,  
 Leaves art to polish and refine.  
 Though women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them agen:  
 For when (outwitted by his wife)  
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life;  
 If woman had not interven'd,  
 How soon had mankind had an end!  
 And that it is in being yet,  
 To us alone you are in debt.  
 And where's your liberty of choice,  
 And our unnatural No voice?  
 Since all the privilege you boast,  
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,  
 Is now our right; to whose creation  
 You owe your happy restoration.  
 And if we had not weighty cause  
 To not appear in making laws,  
 We could, in spite of all your tricks,  
 And shallow, formal politics,

Force you our managements t'obey,  
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
 T'advance your high prerogative,  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
 Like fots, suppose we have no shares  
 In ord'ring you and your affairs:  
 When all your empire and command,  
 You have from us at second hand;  
 As if a pilot, that appears  
 To sit still only while he steers,  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like ev'ry common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card nor star,  
 And did not guide the man of war:  
 Nor we, because we don't appear  
 In councils, do not govern there:  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise  
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,  
 W'enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men:  
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;  
 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name,  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;

Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a grand constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
Can judge the judges and the cause;  
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
To th'long robe, and the longer tongue;  
'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more pow'rful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight  
In all the world's affairs of state,  
Are ministers of war and peace,  
That sway all nations how we please.  
We rule all churches and their flocks,  
Heretical and orthodox,

And are the heavenly vehicles  
O'th'spirits, in all conventicles:  
By us is all commerce and trade  
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;  
For nothing can go off so well,  
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in ev'ry public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting;  
Are magistrates in all great towns,  
Where men do nothing, but wear gowns.

We make the man of war strike fail,  
And to our braver conduct veil,  
And, when h'has chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state,  
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,

That's haughty and imperious?  
 He's but a journeyman to us:  
 That as he gives us cause to do't,  
 Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,  
 Or waste your fortunes how we please;  
 And, as you humour us, can deal  
 In all your matters,\* ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
 To whose integrity you must,  
 In spite of all your caution, trust;  
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
 Can fit you with what heirs we please;  
 And force you t'own'em, though begotten  
 By French valets, or Irish footmen.  
 Nor can the rigorouslest course  
 Prevail, unless to make us worse;  
 Who still the harsher we are us'd,  
 Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd;  
 And scorn t'abate, for any ills,  
 The least punctilios of our wills.  
 Force does but whet our wits t'apply  
 Arts, born with us, for remedy;  
 Which all your politics, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat:  
 For when y'have try'd all sorts of ways,  
 What fools d'we make of you in plays?  
 While all the favours we afford,  
 Are but to girt you with the sword,

To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads;  
 Encounter, in despite of nature,  
 And fight at once with fire and water,  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;  
 To do your exercise for honour,  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known:  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are prepos't'rous;  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause;  
 Be our solicitors and agents,  
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours;  
 And what in real value's wanting,  
 Supply with vapouring and ranting:  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride;  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be out-hector'd and submit:  
 By your example, lose that right  
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight:

396 THE LADY'S ANSWER. 377.

And terrify'd into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law :  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race,  
 Let men usurp th'unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

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# N O T E S.

## P A R T I.

### C A N T O L.

1 *WHEN civil dudgeon, &c.] Dudgeon.* Who made the alterations in the last edition of this poem, I know not; but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word so proper in that place, as *dudgeon* is, for that of *fury*, as it is in the last edition. To *take in dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

24 *That could as well, &c.]* Bind over to the sessions, as being a justice of the peace in his country, as well as colonel of a regiment of foot in the parliament's army, and a committee-man.

38 *As Montaigne, &c.]* Montaigne, in his essays, supposes his cat thought him a fool, for losing his time in playing with her.

62 *To make some, &c.]* Here again is an alteration without any amendment; for the following lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps,*

*Not as a proselyte, but for claps,*

are thus changed :

*And truly so perhaps he was,*

*'Tis many a pious Christian's case.*

The Heathens had an odd opinion, and gave a strange reason why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the Jews, which, how untrue so ever, I will give the learned reader an account of, without translation, as I find it in the annotations upon Horace wrote by my worthy and learned friend Mr. William Baxter, the great restorer of the ancient, and promoter of modern learning.

Hor. sat. 9. sermon. lib. 1.

*Curtis, quia pellicula imminuti sunt; quia Moses re Judeorum, cujus legibus reguntur, negligentia medicinaliter exsectus est, et ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit.* Vet. Schol. Vocem *quædam* quæ in scitia librarii exciderat, reposuimus ex conjectura; uti et *medicinaliter exsectus* pro *medicinalis effectus*, quæ nihili erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Juno igitur Henrico Glareano diaboli organum videtur. Etiam satyra quinta hæc habet: *Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissimi disputant.*

66 *Profoundly skill'd, &c.*] *Analytic* is a part of logic, that teaches to decline and construe reason, and grammar does words.

93 *A Babylonish, &c.*] A confusion of languages such as some of our modern virtuosi used to express themselves in.

103 *Or Cerberus himself, &c.*] *Cerberus*; a name which poets gave a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that cared for the unfortu-

ate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would  
 et out again; yet Hercules tied him up, and made  
 him follow. This dog with three heads, denotes the  
 past, the present, and the time to come; which re-  
 ceive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got  
 the better of him; which shews that heroic actions  
 are always victorious over time, because they are pre-  
 sent in the memory of posterity.

115 *That had the, &c.*] Demosthenes, who is said  
 to have had a defect in his pronounciation, which he  
 cured by using to speak with little stones in his  
 mouth.

120 *Than Tycho Brache, &c.*] Tycho Brache was an  
 eminent Danish mathematician. Quer. in Collier's  
 dictionary, or elsewhere.

131 *Whatever sceptic, &c.*] *Sceptic*: Pyrrho was  
 the chief of the sceptic philosophers, and was at first,  
 as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the  
 hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxago-  
 ras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymno-  
 sophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by  
 custom; that there was neither honesty nor dishonest-  
 y, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very  
 solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly  
 esteemed in his country, and created chief priest.  
 He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus,  
 about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were cal-  
 led *Pyrrhonians*; besides which, they were named the  
*Ephectics* and *Aphoretics*, but more generally *Sceptics*.  
 This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a

sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they called *ataxia* and *metriopathia*, and in suspending their judgment in regard to good or evil, truth or falsehood, which they called *epochi*. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek *επισκοπος*; quod est *considerare, speculari*.

143 *He could reduce, &c.*] The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions: but, as Seneca says, the subtiler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definitions of things by acts, the nearer to nonsense.

147 *Where Truth, &c.*] Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things, in the understanding of man, into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature; and therefore Aristotle says, *Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem*. Met. l. 2.

148 *Like words congeal'd, &c.*] Some report, that in Nova Zembla, and Greenland, mens words are

wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151 *In school-divinity as able,*

*As he that bight, Irrefragable, &c.]*

Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as *Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c.* Vide *Vossii etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de sçavans, and Possevin's Apparatus.*

153 *A second Thomas, or at once*

*To name them all, another Duns.*

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born 1224. studied at Cologne and Paris. He new modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called *the Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics; which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the 50th year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scots divide which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots alledge he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland,

and hence was called *Dunscotus*. Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion; and for proof cite his epitaph :

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at Cologne, November 8. 1308. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30, 000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures; that, when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees, but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine, and, for being a very acute logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*; which was the reason also that an old punster always called him *the Lathy Doctor*.

158 *As tough as, &c.*] Sorbon was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of St. Lewis by Robert Sorbon; which name is sometimes given to the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuinus, who was one of the first professors there; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richlieu, and

contains lodgings for thirty-six doctors, who are called *the society of Sorbon*. Those which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's degree, are only said to be of the *hospitality of Sorbon*. Claud. Hemeraus de acad. Paris. Spondan. in annal.

173 *He knew, &c.*] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the seat of paradise. Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his history of the world; where those who are unsatisfied, may be fully informed.

180 *By a High-Dutch, &c.*] Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in paradise.

181 *If either of, &c.*] Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no travels, as some learned men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182 *Who first made, &c.*] Music is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the proportion of notes, from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil.

232 *Like Mahomet's, &c.*] Mahomet had a tame dove that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him, to bring him back again.

257 *It was monastic, and did grow  
In holy orders by strict vow.*

He made a vow never to cut his beard, until the parliament had subdu'd the King; of which order of fanatic votaries there were many in those times.

281 *So learned Taliacotius, &c.] Taliacotius was an Italian surgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decayed noses.*

This Taliacotius was chief surgeon to the Great Duke of Tuscany, and wrote a treatise, *De curis membris*, which he dedicates to his great master; wherein he not only declares the models of his wonderful operations in restoring of lost members, but gives you cuts of the very instruments and ligatures he made use of therein: from hence our author, *cum poetica licentia*, has taken his simile.

289 *For as Æneas, &c.] Æneas was the son of Anchises and Venus; a Trojan, who, after long travels, came into Italy, and, after the death of his father-in-law Latinus, was made king of Latium, and reigned three years. His story is too long to insert here; and therefore I refer you to Virgil's Æneids. Troy being laid in ashes, he took his aged father Anchises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies. But being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife Creüsa; which Mr. Dryden, in his excellent translation, thus expresseth:*

*Haste, my dear father, 'tis no time to wait,  
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.*

Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,  
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.

My hand shall lead our little son; and you,  
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

337 *For Arthur, &c.*] Who this Arthur was, and whether any ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very day. However, the history of him, which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world, is a subject sufficient for the poet to be pleasant upon.

359—*Toledo trusty, &c.*] The capital city of New Castile in Spain, with an archbishopric and primacy. It was very famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best metal for swords, as Damascus was, and perhaps may be still.

389 *But lest the trade, as many more  
Have lately done, &c.*

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel Pride had been both brewers.

433 *That Caesar's horse, &c.*] Julius Caesar had a horse with feet like a man's. *Utebatur equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, et in modum digitorum ungulis fissis.* Suet. in Jul. cap. 61.

467 *The mighty Tyrian queen, &c.*] Dido, Queen of Carthage, who bought as much land as she could compass with an ox's hide, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build Carthage upon.

476 *As the bold, &c.*] Æneas, whom Virgil reports to use a golden bough for a pass to hell; and

tailors call that place hell where they put all they steal.

526 *As three, &c.*] Read the great *Geographical dictionary*, under that word.

530 *In magic, &c.*] *Talisman* is a device to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas; and found, as they affirm, to produce the effect with admirable success.

Raymond Lully interprets *cabal*, out of the Arabic, to signify *scientia superabundans*; which his commentator Cornelius Agrippa, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous foppery.

532 *As far as, &c.*] The author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in paradise, before the fall.

535 *And much of, &c.*] The intelligible world is a kind of *terra del fuego*, or *psittacorum regio*, discovered only by the philosophers; of which they talk, like parrots, what they do not understand.

538 *As learn'd, &c.*] No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy than the wild Irish are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives. Of which see Cambden, in his description of Ireland.

539 *Or Sir Agrippa, &c.*] They who would know

more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa here meant, may consult the great dictionary.

541 *He Anthroposophus, and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen, understood.*

*Anthroposophus* is only a compound Greek word, which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, and is used by some anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr. Floud was a sort of an English Rosy-Crucian, whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of Jacob Behmen.

545 *In Rosy-Crucian lore as learned,  
As he that vere adeptus earned.*

The fraternity of the Rosy-Crucians is very like the sect of the ancient Gnostici, who called themselves so from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous sots of mankind.

*Vere adeptus* is one that has commenced in their fanatic extravagance.

645 *Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.*

This Vickars was a man of as great interest and authority in the late reformation, as Pryn or Withers, and as able a poet. He translated Virgil's *Æneids* into as horrible travesty, in earnest, as the French Scarron did in burlesque, and was only outdone in his way by the politic author of *Oceana*.

714 *We that are, &c.] This speech is set down,*

as it was delivered by the knight, in his own words: but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly wou'd become tedious and impertinent; the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

752 *In bloody, &c.*] *Cynarstomachy* signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both the learned and ignorant agree, that in such words very great knowledge is contained: and our knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

758 *Or force, &c.*] *Averruncate*, another of the same kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

777 *The Indians fought for the truth  
Of th'elephant and monkey's tooth.*

The history of the white elephant and the monkey's tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by Monf. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipped it; and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it; as if the fire had been

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made of the same ingredients with which seamen use to compose that kind of granadoes which they call *pinkards*.

786 *The rage, &c.*] *Boute-feus* is a French word; and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English person, especially of quality, ignorant of it, or so ill bred as to need an exposition.

903 *'Tis sung, &c.*] *Mamaluke* is the name of the militia of the sultans of Egypt. It signified a *servant* or *soldier*. They were commonly captives, taken from amongst the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for, besides that the sultans were chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about 200 years, till, at last, Selim, Sultan of the Turks routed them, and killed their Sultan, near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of the Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years. Paulus Jovius, &c.

No question but the rhyme to Mamaluke, was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the preface.

913 *Honour is like, &c.*] Our English proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose.

He that woos a maid, must seldom come in her sight:  
But he that woos a widow, must wooe her day and night.

He that woos a maid, must feign, lie, and flatter;  
But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches and at her.

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted it in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, intituled, *The Quaker's spiritual court proclaimed*; written by Nathaniel Smith, student in physic; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promised Hilkiah a chamber gratis. The whole narrative is worth the reading.

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## C A N T O II.

47 *THAT* is to say, whether tollutation,  
As they do term't, or succussation.

*Tollutation* and *succussation* are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the tramel, or any other art, to pace their horses.

60 *As Indian Britons, &c.*] The American Indians call a great bird they have, with a white head, a *penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the British tongue: from whence (with other words of the same kind) some authors have endeavoured to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britons.

65 *The dire, &c.*] *Pharsalia* is a city of *Theffaly*, famous for the battle won by Julius Caesar against Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 697th year of Rome: of which read *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

129 *Chiron the &c.*] *Chiron*, a Centaur, son to Saturn and *Phylliris*, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to *Aesculapius*, and was afterwards Apollo's governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die,

Jupiter placed him in heaven, where he forms the sign of Sagittarius, or the Archer.

133 *In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth, &c.*

The whole history of this antient ceremony, you may read at large in Dr. Plot's history of Staffordshire, under the town Tutbury.

155 *Grave as the, &c.*] For the history of Pegu, read Mandelso and Olearius's travels.

172 *In military, &c.*] Paris garden in Southwark took its name from the possessor.

231 *Though by, &c.*] Promethean fire. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas; concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually. But the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain, and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog in the Scripture to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon-salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm

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Digby, who wrote a treatise *ex professo*, on that subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

167 *And 'mong, &c.*] Cossacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness; for *cosa* or *kosa*, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them may read *Le Laboureur* and *Thuldenus*.

285 *And though, &c.*] This custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus Marcellinus. *Hunni semicruda cujusvis pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua et equorum terga subsertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* page 686.

283 — *He spous'd in India,  
Of noble house, a lady gay.*

The story in *Le Blanc*, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more strange than many others in most travellers that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

343 *In magic he was deeply read,  
As he that made the brazen head;  
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,  
As English Merlin for his heart.*

Roger Bacon and Merlin. See *Collier's dictionary*.

368 *As Joan, &c.*] Two notorious women. The last was known here by the name of *Mall Cat-purse*.

378 *Than th' Amazonian, &c.*] Penthesile, Queen of the Amazons, succeeded Orithya. She carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. Pliny saith, it was she that invented the battle-ax. If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr. Sanfon.

385 *They would not suffer the stout'st dame  
To swear by Hercules's name.*

The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by; and therefore Macrobius says, *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.*

393 *As stout, &c.*] Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395 *Of Gundibert, &c.*] Gundibert is a feigned name, made use of by Sir William Davenant, in his famous epic poem so called; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English drama; it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialogue-wise. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the

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pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley; which, one would have thought, might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain verses written by several of the author's friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gundibert, in octavo, London 1653*. These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gundibert vindicated from the wit-combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damoetas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding: printed in octavo, London 1655*. Vide Langbain's account of dramatic poets.

495 *What oestrum, &c.*] *Oestrum* is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bee or horse-fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

524 *Wore in their hats, &c.*] Some few days after the King had accused the five members of treason in the house of Commons, great crouds of the rabble came down to Westminster-hall, with printed copies of the protestation, tied in their hats like favours.

525 *When 'twas resolv'd by either house,  
Six members quarrel to espouse?*

The six numbers were, the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hambden, Sir Arthur Hasle-  
rig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King ordered to be

apprehended, and their papers seized; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults. But the house voted against the arrest of their persons or papers. Whereupon the King having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the house to demand them; but they, having notice, withdrew.

578 *Make that, &c.*] Abusive or insulting had been better; but our knight believed the learned languages more convenient to understand in, than his own mother tongue.

647 *And is indeed the self-same case  
With theirs that swore et caeteras.*

The convocation, in one of the short parliaments, that ushered in the long one, (as dwarfs are wont to do knight-errants,) made an oath to be taken by the clergy, for observing canonical obedience; in which they enjoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their consciences, to swear to articles with &c.

651 *Or the French league, in which men vow'd  
To fight to the last drop of blood.*

The holy league in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original, out of which the solemn league and covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom

they had sworn to defend : and as our covenanters swore every man to run one before another in the way of reformation, so did the French in the holy league, to fight to the last drop of blood.

### C A N T O III.

134 *FIRST Trulla stav'd, &c.] Staving and tail-*  
*ing* are terms of art used in the Bear-garden,  
 and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears:  
 though they are us'd metaphorically in several other  
 professions, for moderating; as law, divinity, hector-  
 ing, &c.

153 *Or like the late corrected leathern*  
*Ears of the circumcised brethren.*

Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down their  
 ears as proxies for their profession of the godly party,  
 not long after maintained their right and title to the  
 pillory, to be as good and lawful as theirs who first of  
 all took possession of it in their names.

328 *That old, &c.] Pygmalion, King of Tyre,*  
 was the son of Margenus or Mechres, whom he  
 succeeded: and lived 56 years, whereof he reigned 47.  
 Dido, his sister, was to have governed with him;  
 but it was pretended the subjects thought it not con-  
 venient: she married Sicheus, who was the king's  
 uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to  
 death; and Dido soon after departed the kingdom.  
 Poets say, Pygmalion was punished for the hatred  
 he bore to women, with the love he had to a sta-  
 tue.

923 *And as the French we conquer'd once,*  
*Now give us laws for pantaloons, &c.*

Pantaloons and Port-cannons were some of the fantastic fashions wherein we aped the French.

At quisquis insula satus Britannica  
Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,  
Ut more simiae laboretingere,  
Et aemulari Gallicas ineptias,  
Ex amne Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,  
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,  
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of Celenae, and discharging itself into the river Sanger; the water of which is of that admirable quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the brain, and cures madness; but largely drank, it makes men frantic. *Pliny, Horatius.*

1122 A learned divine in King James's time wrote a polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky nickname of *The Pope's bull baited*.

1166 *Canonical cravat, &c.*] *Smeethymnus* was a club of five parliamentary holders forth: the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed, in that senseless and insignificant word. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a note of distinction, as the officers of the parliament-army then did, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names; being Ste-

phen Marſhal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurlſtow, and from thence they and their followers were called *Smeſtymnians*. They are remarkable for another pious book, which they wrote ſome time after that, intituled, *The King's cabinet unlocked*, wherein all the chaſte and endearing expreſſions, in the letters that paſſed betwixt his majeſty King Charles I. and his royal conſort, are, by theſe painful labourers in the devils vineyard, turned into burleſque and ridicule. Their books were answered with as much calmneſs and genteelneſs of expreſſion, and as much learning and honeſty, by the Rev. Mr. Symonds, than a deprived clergyman, as theirs were ſtuffed with malice, ſpleen, and rascally invectives.

1249 *So cardinals, they ſay, do grope*

*At ſ'other end the new-made pope.*

This relates to the ſtory of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Platina ſaith, ſhe was of Engliſh extraction but born at Mentz; who, having diſguiſed herſelf like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where ſhe made ſuch progreſs in learning, that coming to Rome, ſhe met with few that could equal her; ſo that, on the death of Pope Leo IV. ſhe was choſen to ſucceed him; but being got with child by one of her domeſtics, her travel came upon her between the Coloſſian theatre and St Clement's, as ſhe was going to the Lateran church, and died upon the place, having ſat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there with-

out any pomp. He owns, that, for the shame of this, the popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any pope is placed in the Porphyry chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose: but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature; whence he will have that seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1262 *To leave your Vitiligation, &c.*

*Vitiligation* is a word the knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all possible occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts; though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

1373 *Mere disparata, &c.*] *Disparata* are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *disparo*.

VOL. II. N a §

# P A R T II.

## C A N T O I.

**BUT** now, t'observe, &c.] The beginning of this second part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the 4th book of his *Æneids* in the very same manner. *At regina gravi, &c.* And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe, that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

205 *A Saxon duke, &c.*] This history of the Duke of Saxony is not altogether so strange as that of a bishop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

237 *King Pyrrhus, &c.*] Pyrrhus King of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe. *Pollicis in dextro pede tactu Lienosis medebatur*, l. 7 c. 11.

259 *In close catasta shut, &c.*] *Catasta* is but a pair of stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of any vulgar word, especially of paltry signification; and therefore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad that were never before heard of in our language.

371 The ancient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people who first writ of knight-errantry : and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some very great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and sottish way of describing them ; so they have abused the piety of some very devout persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon Saint Francis.

393 *This made the beauteous queen, &c.*] The history of Pasiphae is common enough : only this may be observed, that though she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name ; perhaps because the country being an island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

438 *As your own secretary, &c.*] Albertus Magnus was a Swedish bishop, who wrote a very learned work, *De secretis mulierum*.

470 *Unless it be to squint, &c.*] Pliny, in his natural history, affirms, that *uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Pactorum*, lib. 2.

532 *As Friar Bacon's noddle was, &c.*] The tradition of Friar Bacon, and the brazen head, is very commonly known ; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher, of his name, has since delivered of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly against the sides of

the divining cup, the same thing with, *Time is, time was, &c.*

533 American Indians, among whom, the same authors affirm, there are others, whose skulls are so soft, to use their own words, *ut digito perforari possant.*

556 *Or oracle, &c.*] Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, *Ubi nemus erat Jovi sacrum, quernum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonaci templum fuisse narratur.*

715 Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented eunuchs. *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima.* Am. Marcel. l. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces, as another queen did a bull; but that perhaps may be the reason why she after thought men not worth the while.

725 *For some philosophers, &c.*] Sir K. D. in his book of bodies; who has this story of the German boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several natural reasons; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

845 *A Persian emp'ror, &c.*] Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and wind. *In Corum atque Eurum solitus saevire flagellis.* Juv. sat. 10.

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## C A N T O II.

15 *SO* th'ancient Stoics, &c.] *In porticu (Stoicorum schola Athenis) discipulorum seditionibus mille quadringenti triginta cives interfecti sunt.* Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old virtuosos were better proficient in those exercises, than modern, who seldom improve higher than cussing and kicking.

19 *Bonum* is such a kind of animal, as our modern virtuosi, from Don Quixote, will have wind-mills under sail to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again.

413 *In a town*, &c.] The history of the cobbler has been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

548 *Have been exchange'd*, &c.] The knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used, upon all occasions, to declare.

678 *Bore a slave with him in his chariot*, &c.]

——— *Et sibi consul*

*Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.*

Juv. sat. 10.

683 *Hung out*, &c.] *Tunica coccinea solebat, pri-*

*die quam dimicandum esset, supra praetorium poni, quasi admonitio, et indicium futurae pugnae.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 *Next links, &c.*] That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches borne before them, by day, in public, appears by *Herodian. in Pertinace.* Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

879 *Vespasian being daub'd, &c.*] *C. Caesar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, huc jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in pretextae sinum.* Sueton. in Vespas. cap. 5.

### CANTO III.

140 *A* Ledger, &c.] The witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the Presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches; of whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged within the compass of one year; and among the rest, the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

159 *Did he not help the Dutch, &c.*] In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines; and did so much mischief in a small time, that Strada writes, there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161 *Sing catches, &c.*] This devil at Mascon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tunes. He made several lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his memoirs, written in French.

163 *Appear in divers, &c.*] The history of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by Mess. Casaubon, Isaac Fil. prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages; in which the stile of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person. The nun of Loudon in

France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book, written upon that occasion.

165 *Meet with, &c.*] A committee of the long parliament, sitting in the King's house in Woodstock-park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167 *At Sarum, &c.*] Withers has a long story in doggerel, of a foldier of the King's army, who, being a prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees, was carried away by him thro' a single pane of glass.

224 *Since old Hodge Bacon, &c.*] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the brazen head fathered upon him, by the ignorant monks of those days. Robert Grosthead was Bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Christ; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a *praemunire*, for offering to appeal to a foreign court.

313 *Which Socrates, &c.*] Aristophanes, in his comedy of the clouds, brings in Socrates and Chae-

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rephon, measuring the leap of a flea, from the one's beard to the other's.

404 *Was rais'd by him, &c.*] This Fisk was the late famous astrologer, who flourished about the time of Subtile, and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben Johnson.

436 *Unless it be, &c.*] This experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosos, who planted a piece of ordnance point-blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude, that it sticks in the mark: but des Cartes was of opinion, that it does but hang in the air.

477 *As lately 'twas, &c.*] This Sedgwick had many persons, and some of quality, that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name of *Doomsday Sedgwick*.

609 *Your modern Indian, &c.*] This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by Mons. Le Blanc, in his travels, to be used in the East-Indies.

627 *Bumbastus kept, &c.*] Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword; which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink. Howsoever, it was to better purpose than Hannibal carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity; for the sword would have done the feat alone, much better, and more

soldier-like. And it was below the honour of so great a commander; to go out of the world like a rat.

635 *Agrippa kept, &c.*] Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought: but the author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from that aspersions; in which he has shewn a very great respect and kindness for them both.

679 *As Averrhoes, &c.*] Averrhoes astronomiam propter eccentricos contempsit. *Phil. Melancthon in Elem. Phil. p. 781.*

691 *The Median emp'r'or dream'd his daughter, &c.*] Astyages, King of Media, had this dream of his daughter Mandane, and the interpretation from the Magi; wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and translated the empire from the Medes to the Persians. *Herodot. l. 1.*

697 *When Caesar, &c.*] Fiunt aliquando prodigiosi, et longiores solis defectus, quales occiso Caesare Dictatore, et Antoniano bello totius anni pallore continuo. *Plin.*

701 *Augustus having, &c.*] Divus Augustus laevum sibi prodidit calceum praepostere indutum, quo die seditione militum prope afflictus est. *Idem, l. 2.*

709 *The Roman senate, &c.*] Romani, L. Crasso, et C. Mario Coss. bubone viso urbem lustrabant.

737 *For Anaxagoras, &c.]* Anaxagoras affirmabat solem candens ferrum esse, et Peloponneso majorem: lunam habitacula in se habere, et colles, et valles. Fertur dixisse coelum omne ex lapidibus esse compositum. Damnatus et in exilium pulsus est, quod impie solem candentem laminam esse dixisset. *Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.*

865 *Tb' Egyptians say, &c.]* Egyptii decem milia annorum et amplius recensent; et observatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis mutata esse loca ortuum et occasuum solis, ita ut sol his ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, et bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. *Phil. Mel. l. 1. p. 60.*

871 *Some hold the heavens, &c.]* Causa quare coelum non cadit (secundem Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus. *Comment. in l. 2. Aristot. de coelo.*

877 *Plato believ'd, &c.]* Plato solem et lunam ceteris planetis inferiores esse putavit. *G. Gunnin in cosmog. l. 1. p. 11.*

881 *The learned Scaliger, &c.]* Copernicus in libris revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius, mathematici nobiles, perspicuis demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis apside terris esse propiorem, quam Ptolemaei aetate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno et triginta terrae semidiametris. *Jø. Bod. met. hist. p. 455.*

895 *Cardan believ'd, &c.]* Putat Cardanus, ab extrema cauda Halices seu Majoris Ursae, omne magnum imperium pendere. *Id. p. 325.*

913 *Than th'old Chaldaean, &c.]* Chaldaei jactant

se quadringenta septuaginta annorum millia in periclitandis experiundisque puerorum animis posuisse.

*Cicero.*

975 *Like money, &c.]* Druidae pecuniam mutuo accipiebant, id posteriore vita reddituri. *Patricius, Rom. 2. p. 9.*

1001 *That paltry story, &c.]* There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a second part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory, for forging other mens hands, as his fellow *Whachum* no doubt deserved; in whose abominable doggrel, this story of *Hudibras* and a French mountebank at Brentford fair, is as properly described.

1024 *That the vibration, &c.]* The device of the vibration of a *pendulum*, was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards, *etc.* that should have its foundation in nature, all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating, by the motion of the sun, or any star, how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the *pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time: so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of *sattin*, or *tassata*, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all man-

kind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

1113 *Before the secular, &c.]* As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular; who governs in the night with as great authority as his colleague, but far more imperiously.

Vol. II.

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## PART III.

### CANTO I.

15 *AND more, &c.*] Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the statues of Castor and Pollux to be worshipped; and often bragged of lying with the moon.

43 *And us'd, &c.*] Philtres were love potions, reported to be much in request in former ages; but our true knight-errant hero made use of no other but what his noble achievements by his sword produced.

51 *To th'ordeal, &c.*] Ordeal trials were, when supposed criminals, to discover their innocence, went over several red hot coulter-irons. These were generally such whose chastity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, *etc.*

93 *So Spanish heroes, &c.*] The young Spaniards signalized their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull-feasts, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the combatant; and he that kills most,

carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies favour.

137 *To pawn, &c.*] His *exterior ears* were gone before, and so out of danger; but by *inward ears* is here meant his conscience.

252 *Loud as, &c.*] A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a very great distance, very useful at sea.

276 *As if th'bad, &c.*] This alludes to some abject lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lashes by their mistresses.

323 *Bewitch'd Hermetic men, &c.*] Hermes Trismegistus, an Aegyptian philosopher, and said to have lived *anno mundi* 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of enthusiasts, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

326 *Potosi*] Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

603 *More wretched, &c.*] Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to

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### C A N T O I.

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603 *More wretched, &c.*] Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to

perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

639 *Like Indian widows, &c.*] The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile, where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647 *For as the Pythagorean, &c.*] It was the opinion of Pythagoras and his followers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the divers species of animals, and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

707 *For though Chineses, &c.*] The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

751 *Transform 'em into rams, &c.*] The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish. Their names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily; where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transformed them into some sort of brute animals.

755 *By th' husband mandrake, &c.*] Naturalists re-

port, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

797 *The world is but two parts, &c.*] The equinoctial divides the globe into north and south.

819 *Unless among the Amazons, &c.*] The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic and great achievements. They suffered no man to live among them, but once every year used to have conversation with men of the neighbouring countries; by which, if they had a male child they presently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

865 *The nymphs of chaste Diana's, &c.*] Diana's nymphs, all of them vow'd perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866 *Lewkner's lane.*] Some years ago, swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

877 *The reason is, &c.*] Demanding the *clergy of her belly*, which, for the reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

1086 *As Ironside, or Hardiknute, &c.*] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

1131 *But those that trade in geomancy, &c.*] The *Lapland Magi*. The Laplanders are an idolatrous

people, far north; and it is very creditably reported, by authors and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *magic*.

1158 *To burning with, &c.*] An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

1321 *The queen of night, &c.*] The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distempered in mind are called *lunatics*.

1344 *And growing to thy horse, &c.*] The Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of horses; and the neighbouring inhabitants, never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

1423 *Sir, quoth the voice, &c.*] *Sophi* is at present the name of the kings of Persia; not superadded, as Pharoah was to the kings of Egypt, but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of *Sophi*.

1454 *Wear wooden peccadillos, &c.*] Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders, to pin the band, worn by persons nice in dressing; but his wooden one is a pillory.

1483 *Hence 'tis possessions, &c.*] Criminals in their indictments are charged with *not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil*.

1521 *When to a legal utlegation, &c.]* When they return the excommunication into the chancery, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1514 *Distrain on soul, &c.]* Excommunication which deprives men from being members of the visible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

## C A N T O II.

1 *THE learned write, &c.] An insect breeze.* Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which, some are of opinion, are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

13 *For as the Persian, &c.]* The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observation of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom amongst them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wise men that came out of the east to worship our Saviour were some of these.

51 *At Michael's term, &c.]* St. Michael an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's epistle, v. 9.

77 *And laid about, &c,]* William Prynne of Lincoln's inn, Esq; born at Sanswick, who stiled himself *Utter Barister*, a very warm person and voluminous writer, and after the restoration keeper of the records in the tower.

146 *As Dutch boors, &c.]* It is reported of the Dutch women, that making so great use of stoves,

and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster, which is called a *footerkin*.

151 *T'out-cant the Babylonian, &c.*] At the building of the tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

215 *Toss'd in a furious hurricane, &c.*] At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224 *False heaven, &c.*] After the restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall; near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

227 *So Romulus, &c.*] A Roman senator, whose name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by Romulus, made oath before the senate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the name of *Quirinus*; and he had his temple on mount *Quirinale*.

231 *Next him his son, &c.*] Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the privy council, proclaimed Lord Protector; and received the compli-

ments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the lord mayor and court of aldermen; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

245 *To edify upon the ruins, &c.*] John of Leyden, whose name was *Buckhold*, was a butcher of the same place; but a cratty, eloquent, and seditious fellow; and one of those called *Anabaptists*. He went and set up at Munster; where, with Knipperdoling and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors; and ran about the streets, in enthusiastical raptures, crying, *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster; but at length, he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, had his flesh pulled off by two executioners with red-hot pincers for the space of an hour, and then run through with a sword.

351 *'Mong these there was a politician, &c.*] This was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a parti-

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ular faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of government.

409 *And better than by Napier's bones, &c.*] The famous Lord Napier of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of squire pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory, which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations; and are commonly called *Napier's bones*.

421 *To match this saint, &c.*] The great colonel John Lilbourn, whose trial is so remarkable and well known at this time.

473 *The Trojan mare, &c.*] After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse, capable of containing a considerable number of armed men; this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed heroes soon appeared; and surprizing the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

520 *(I mean Marg'ret's fast, &c.)* That parliament used to have public fasts kept in St. Margare't's church, Westminster, as is done to this present time.

605 *To hang like Mahomet, &c.*] It is reported of Mahomet, the great impostor, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was a loadstone, and order-

ing his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legend says of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

650 *As easy as serpents, &c.*] Naturalists report, that snakes, serpents, &c. cast their skins every year.

655 *As barnacles turn solan geese, &c.*] It is said, that in the islands of the Orcades in Scotland, there are trees which bear those barnacles, which dropping off into the water, receive life, and become those birds called *solan geese*.

663 *So he that keeps the gate of hell, &c.*] The poets feign the dog Cerberus, that is, the porter of hell, to have three heads.

685 *The Gibellines, &c.*] Two great factions in Italy distinguished by those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the year 1130.

841 *When three saints ears, &c.*] Burton, Prynne, and Bastwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

894 *But Fisher's Folly, &c.*] Fisher's folly was where Devonshire square now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

907 *Cut out more work, &c.*] Plato's year, or the

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grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

1200 *T'your great Croysado general, &c.*] General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

1241 *To pass for deep and learned scholars, &c.*] Two ridiculous scribblers that were often pestering the world with nonsense.

1250 *Like Sir Pride, &c.*] The one a brewer, the other a shoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels army.

1505 *That beastly rabble,—that came down, &c.*] This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump-parliament.

1534 *Be ready lifted under Dun*] The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550 *They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in*] Cook acted as solicitor-general against K. Charles I. at his trial, and afterwards received his just reward for the same. Pride, a colonel in the parliament's army.

1564 *Their founder was a blown-up soldier*] Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a soldier; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in 1521; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

1585 *And from their Coptic priest, Kircherus*] A-

thanafius Kircher, a Jefuit, hath wrote largely on the Ægyptian myftical learning.

1587 *For as th' Ægyptians us'd by bees, &c.]* The Ægyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolomy) under the hieroglypbic of a bee, difpenfing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a ftmg for the wicked and diffolute.

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### C A N T O III.

9 *THAN bags with all their imps and teats*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion that witches have their imps, or familiar spirits, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them.

15 *As Rosicrucian virtuosos, &c.*] The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany, in the beginning of the 17th age. They are also called the *enlightened, immortal, and invisible*. They are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

36 *From Marshal Legion's regiment*] He used to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cause.

145 *More plainly than the rev'rend writer, &c.*] A most reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided with the disaffected party.

261 *If th'ancients crown'd their bravest men, &c.*] The Romans highly honoured and nobly rewarded those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

305 *Or else their Sultan populates, &c.*] The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob, to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called *Bassas*, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

350 *As th'ancient mice attack'd the frogs.*] Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

383 *And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride, &c.*] A story in Tasso, an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

577 *An old dull sot, who told the clock, &c.*] Priedeaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatistical busy person in those times, and a mercenary and cruel magistrate, infamous for the following methods of getting money, among many others.

589 *And many a trusty pimp and crony, &c.*] There was a goal for puny offenders.

599 *Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays, &c.*] He extorted money from those that kept shows.

715 *From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, &c.*] John a Nokes and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made use of in stating cases of law only.

742 *On Bongey for a water-witch.*] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic; and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

# N O T E S

O N

## AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

113 *O R who, but lovers, can converse, &c.]* Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels, and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121 *Or heav'n itself a sin resent, &c.]* In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime, to supply store of inhabitants for it.

173 *You wound, like Parthians, while you fly, &c.]* Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: they were excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more upon their retreat, than they did in the engagement.

188 *Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard.]* One of the assembly of divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

237 *To what a height did infant Rome, &c.]* When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws to retire to; by which

450 NOTE ON HEROICAL EPIST. &c.

means it soon came to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without propagation it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them; and when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252 *Till alimony or death them parts.*] Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from her husband. That and death are reckoned the only separations in a married state.

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# N O T E S

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## THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

133 *WHOSE arrows learned poets bold, &c.]* The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows, the one tipped with gold, and the other with lead. The golden always inspire and inflame love in the persons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

277 *While, like the mighty Prester John, &c.]* Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285 *Or Joan de Pucel's braver name.]* Joan of Arc, called also *the Pucelle*, or *maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Danremi on the Meuse, daughter of James d'Arc and Isabella Romée, was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles

VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared, that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forlois, upon the blade of which the cross and flower-de-luces were ingraven; which put the King in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or forcerefs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

378 *Pass on ourselves a Salique law.*] The Salique law is a law in France, whereby it is enacted, that no female shall inherit that crown.

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